

ST. NICHOLAS.

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A SONG OF THE SEA.

BY ERIC PARKER.

MERRILY, merrily dance the sails
Over the summer sea ;
Down to the rocks and the yellow sand,
Down to the sand go we!

Hey for a bucket, and hey for a spade,
Hey for the silver sea!
Bricks and mortar for money and men,
Castles of sand for me!

Seaweed and shells for windows and doors,
Doors out into the sea!
Fish for sentinels, crabs for guards,
Pebbles for lock and key!

We are the kings of the golden sand,
Queens of the silver sea!
Ours is a kingdom of spades and pails,
None are so happy as we!



TRINITY BELLS.

BY AMELIA E. BARR.

[*This story was begun in the April number.*]

CHAPTER VI.

RAISING THE RANSOM.

ALL that Paul expected from his mother was realized. In the midst of her anguish she was calm and mentally clear and alert; and before the sorrowful tale was fully told she had decided what course to take.

"Children," she said, "I know well that Jacques Cortelyou will give me a mortgage on this house. Long he has desired to have it, for he owns the houses on each side of us. To-morrow morning I will see him. This is the first thing to do. Your Uncle Jacob has so many claims to consider; your grandmother loves her gold as her life. We must help ourselves."

She made little outcry, but her whole being expressed the woeful wretchedness in which her soul labored; and she finally confessed that this very thing had been the haunting fear which had filled her days and nights for months with terror unspeakable.

"Not to think of it, not to speak of it, I tried," she said, "because I was so afraid, by doing so, I might call the sorrow unto us. Yet six months ago I wrote to our consul at Algiers, begging him to make inquiries about your father. No answer came to my letter, so then I had hope that the thing I dreaded had not happened to us."

They went early and sadly to rest. Paul and Catharine, worn out with their previous sleepless night, soon fell into deep and restful forgetfulness of all sorrow; but Madam Van Clyffe was long awake with her grief.

In the morning she came down calm and strong, and ready dressed for the street; but as the servants were passing to and fro, nothing was said of the business in hand. Indeed, the time for talking was over; and all felt that the hour had come for effort that

must not be slackened until it was successful. Paul and Catharine remained together while their mother took the step which she believed would prove the right one. Paul sat musing by the fire. Catharine could not work. Her sewing lay on the table—the gay silks and the white lutestring; but she had no heart for making rosebuds. Neither could she talk; she was too anxious. She walked up and down the room, and sometimes stood at the window, looking out, but seeing nothing. She longed for the bells to say a word; but they had no message for her. Nine o'clock chimed, and the notes were without meaning; ten o'clock chimed, and it was only a chime. She turned impatiently when it was over, and saw her mother coming up the steps. It was a very stormy morning, and Madam was wet through; but when she entered the parlor there was a look on her face which told of success before she found breath to say:

"Children, I have got six thousand dollars on the house. Now, Paul, you will go to your Uncle Jacob, and tell him that if he and your grandmother cannot manage the other four thousand to-day, I shall go to Philadelphia to-morrow, and get the money from my relatives there."

Catharine was helping her to remove her wet clothing as she spoke, and as soon as he had received his message Paul went to deliver it. Then, as Madam took up at once the regular duties of her household, Catharine also lifted her needle, and resolutely resolved to imitate her mother's noble self-control.

In about half an hour she heard a knock at the door, and, pausing a moment to listen, was aware that one of the servants went to answer it. The circumstance was an ordinary one, and did not arouse any special interest; but when Jane ushered into her presence an old woman, breathless with the fierce wind and dripping with the rain, she started quickly to her feet, and exclaimed with utter amazement:

"Grandmother! You!"

"Yes, child. My cloak and my wet shoes take off; and my hood it is soaked—shake it. Your mother, child—tell me—where is she?"

"I will go for her at once."

"A minute wait. Put for me a chair near to the fire; and then I will have a cup of hot tea."

As Catharine was obeying these orders Madam Van Clyffe came into the room. She stood speechless, for never before had her mother-in-law visited her. The elder woman spoke first. She stretched out her hand cordially and said:

"Sarah, we all have the same trouble. Sorry I am for you!"

Then Madam lost all her fortitude. She sat down by Jan's mother and wept like a child. She kissed the strong, withered face, that was as old-looking as a crinkled leaf in December. She took in her own white, youthful hands the aged

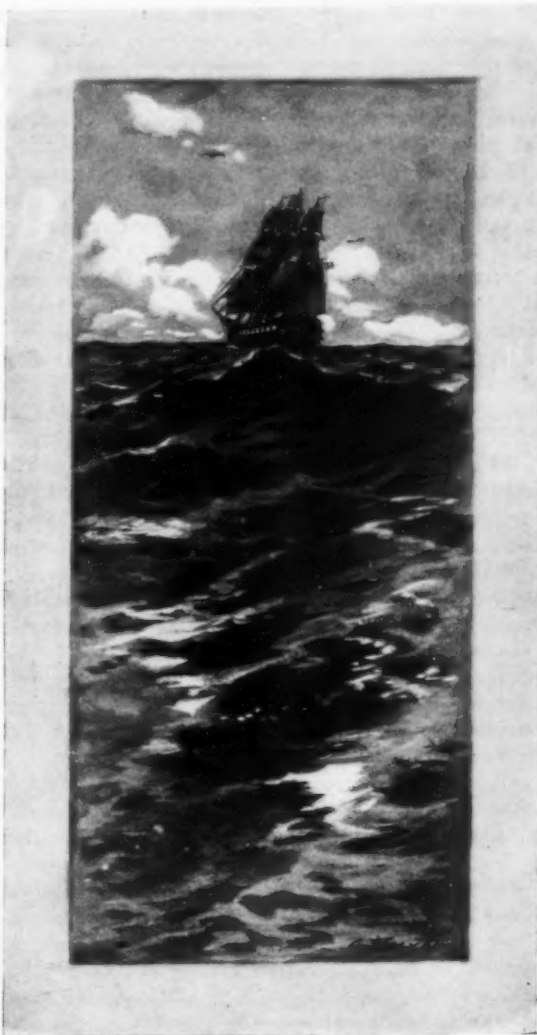
and when Catharine entered with the cup of hot tea, the two women were weeping together over the beloved one.

Catharine was greatly affected. She quietly set down the little tray, and was going out of the room, when her grandmother said:

"Katryntje, come here. Listen to me. I have put this morning in the bank, for your father's ransom, ten thousand dollars. Now, then, at Trinity gates you will not need to beg; nor to the dominie you will not need now to go. Oh, child! child!" And then she broke down again, and covered her face with her trembling hands. And they comforted and blessed her, and gave her the warm drink, and after a little broken conversation she fell asleep.

When she awoke she had quite recovered her strength. She insisted on going to her

home; but she did not refuse her daughter-in-law's assistance through the wet and windy streets; nor did she, as they passed along, neglect to warn her about undue haste.



"THE GOOD SHIP SPED OUT TO SEA FOR THE LONG VOYAGE."

"How you feel, that I know, Sarah," she said. "For myself, I wish that I had wings like the bird that flies eighty miles in one hour. But with Jan is my heart and my thoughts; and sure am I that he will feel some new strength and hope."

"Dear mother, I thank—"

"No, no! In my own heart is the witness." And then all the way to her house she tried to impress on her daughter-in-law the necessity for some official protection for Paul and the ransom. "I have heard of that scoundrel Yusuf!" she said passionately. "There is no measure to his treachery and cruelty. Quite capable is he of taking the gold and making the bearer of it his slave."

"I have thought of that, mother. Mr. Errington told me this morning that he would devise means for Paul's protection."

"The Englishman! Can you trust him?"

"He is to be trusted. Of that I am sure."

In the evening Mr. Errington visited the unhappy family. He was delighted at the promptitude they had manifested, and was quite ready to second it. "I will go with Paul to Baltimore," he said; "and if we have time we must go to Washington and get letters which may be powerful aids to success. I think, too, that I can obtain permission for Paul to go on the 'George Washington' with Captain Bainbridge. Some sort of position may be found there for him. He would then have the protection of a United States man-of-war, and also the favorable consideration from Yusuf which half a million of money may have upon his temper."

"Paul can leave at any time," said Madam Van Clyffe.

"Say, then, in two days. Madam, you may rely on me. I will do all that is possible; and I will see Paul safely on his merciful journey before I return."

Large as these promises were, Mr. Errington kept them. Paul carried an urgent and powerful letter to the consul, and one which, in case of extremity, might be given to the piratical monarch himself. Many details not necessary to explain were attended to; but at length the gold for Captain Van Clyffe's ransom was on board the *George Washington*.

Paul hopefully waved a farewell to the stranger who had served him so nobly, the good ship's sails were set, and she sped out to sea for the long voyage.

In the meantime his mother and sister took up their daily life again with what heart they were able. Eight or nine weeks, perhaps much longer, must elapse before they could hope to have any intelligence; and at first it seemed to Catharine that she could not, *could not*, bear the suspense. Fortunately, the need for work was greater than ever; and in this need the two anxious women were able to lose that distressing sense of watching and listening which is the sting of fear and uncertain anxiety. Every hour of daylight was filled with labor of some kind. Catharine taught her mother the embroidery by which the largest amount of money was made; and very soon it was two busy needles at work, almost from morning to night.

Besides which, Catharine had three new music scholars; though, as they were more advanced than her cousins, she was often obliged to herself practise the lesson she was going to teach.

Just at dusk, one day, she put down her embroidery, and began to go over, very softly, a sonata of Mozart's. As she did so, Mr. Errington entered the room, walked to her side, and said: "You are playing that passage incorrectly. It is rapid and *legato*; and the turn is on E, not on D. Let me show you."

He played it twice or thrice over, and Catharine, burning with shame and anger, imitated his rendering. But when she told her mother of the circumstance, she did not get the sympathy she expected.

"Very glad you ought to be, Tryntje, and not cross," answered Madam. "A young girl like you cannot know everything."

"To be sure; but then he was not asked to teach me."

"So much the greater his kindness. Mr. Errington told Paul he would do everything he could to help us while we are alone. That was one thing in which he could help. It was a trouble, and no pleasure to him."

"All the same, I am not sure but that I

played the passage in the manner most correct."

"I do not think so."

"And I hope that he will not interfere with my music again. He talked to me as if I were at school. I am not a child; I am almost a young lady."

"Katrýntje! You make me astonished at you. I hope, then, he will tell you whenever you are wrong. It is very good of him."

This was precisely what Mr. Errington did. He fell into the habit of calling upon the two ladies once every day, of telling them any public or social news he thought might interest them, and of asking Catharine to play for him. When he found out that she had a very sweet and sympathetic voice, he began to teach her to sing many charming and even difficult solos from the great masters of melody. In fact, he conceived himself to have a certain providential charge over these desolate, anxious women, and in two or three weeks managed to become that excellent thing, a familiar friend who knows just how far friendship is convenient and acceptable.

A kindly notoriety was now attached to the Van Clyffes. The story of the captain's captivity was told at every hearth; and many wealthy and important people took a great interest in his release. Indeed, sympathy on every hand waited for them. Catharine's wonderful industry and cleverness was constantly praised; every one was desirous to have something from her hands, simply because every one desired to help her. Her refusal to taste any luxury or to participate in any amusement while her father's fate was undecided in some way became known; and mothers and fathers looked kindly into her young face wherever she went. Besides which, her grandmother took more notice of her; and that pleased Catharine most of all.

In a large measure, Jacob Van Clyffe compelled in his household a similar condition of seclusion. "Church is our only pleasure now," said Gertrude, fretfully, one morning, to Catharine. "The Schuylers have a dance to-morrow night—a family dance, and yet father will not let us go to it. We may not skate, we may not visit, we may not have a

few friends to short-evening with us. And when I complain, he says: 'You have the pianoforte. Many times you said it was all the pleasure you wanted.' Is it not too bad, Catharine?"

"What can I say, Gertrude? The thought of pleasure-making is to me impossible."

She had just given her cousin a music lesson, and was sitting a while to rest before returning home. Her face was sad; she was tired. She had grown weary of counting the days. The bells had forgotten her; Mr. Errington had been at Mr. Morris's for nearly a week. Her mother's anxiety, through all her attempted cheerfulness, was so pitifully evident, and she could not help but share it. All her life seemed to be held in a painful suspense. And the weather was so gray, and damp, and chill; and she had a bad headache. Gertrude's complaining was the last straw, for it had a tone of personality that offended her, and she continued:

"I should think you would not like to dance, or to be seen dancing, Gertrude, when the family is in such trouble."

"Oh, indeed! an uncle is not a father, and I have not often seen Uncle Jansen—he is usually away. I know one thing: he has made for us all a very bad winter. Grandmother says—"

"I am sure she says nothing like what you have said," answered Catharine, sharply.

"And to think," said Gertrude, with increasing ill temper—"to think of all the money she has had to give to those dreadful creatures!"

"I do not think that one dollar of her money will be used," said Catharine, with a flushing face. "I hope not."

"I also hope not," continued Gertrude. "Out of our pockets it will really come."

"I think it will not come out of your pocket; but if so, that is far better than that my father should be a slave. Mr. Errington says six thousand dollars may be sufficient. My mother sent six thousand, and besides that, Paul has with him mother's pearl necklace, and her ruby brooch and ring."

"What a shame! Such lovely jewels! I remember Aunt Sarah wearing them to a great dinner at Richmond Hill. And of course

they would come to you. How could you let them go? There was money enough without them."

"What are a few pearls to my father's liberty? I would fling them into the river only to see him for one five minutes."

"Such words are mere nonsense."

"No; they are the solemn truth."

"Six thousand dollars, and the pearls and rubies! Certainly that ought to be enough without any of grandmother's money."

"I have no doubt it will be enough."

"I don't think we need care whether it is enough or not," said Alida. "If grandmother likes to give her money to save Uncle Jan, it is nothing to us. She never gives us any money."

"But she will leave it to us when she dies," answered Gertrude. "For my part, I think she never will die. She is seventy now, you know, and—"

"For shame!" said Catharine, passionately. "You have always the thought of grandmother's death in your greedy heart. I am ashamed of you!"

"I will never take another music lesson from you, Miss Van Clyffe."

"I am ashamed of you, and I do not wish to give you another music lesson."

"Please don't quarrel, Catharine," said Alida.

"Oh, indeed!" answered Catharine; "it is time to quarrel with Gertrude on this subject.

Grandmother, when our great need came for her love, was as tender and generous as the good God makes mothers; and I would not deserve my own sweet mother if I listened patiently any longer to Gertrude's constant



"GERTRUDE BURST INTO A STORM OF TEARS."

wishes for our grandmother's money—for it is all the same as wishing for her death."

"Well, then," said Gertrude, in a violent passion, "I wish that I had that old leather bag in which she keeps her guineas. And I will wish she was dead, if I want to, and as often as I want to, without caring whether Catharine Van Clyffe likes it or does not like it."

"Gertrude! Gertrude!" said Alida. "I would not say such things."

"I am going home," said Catharine, rising hastily to her feet; "and, what is more, here I will never come again."

The room in which they were sitting was the big house place, and as it opened directly on the garden, there was, in winter-time, a large oaken screen extending half the way through the room, and forming a sort of hall or passage. The side of this screen facing the room was paneled and slightly carved; the other side was fitted with hooks for hats and cloaks. There Catharine's hood and cloak were hanging, and she rose to get them; but ere she reached the end of the temporary partition her grandmother came from behind it.

She pushed Catharine gently aside, and stood facing Gertrude, with such grief and anger on her aged face as no words can translate. There was no necessity for her to say a word.

Gertrude burst into a storm of tears and cries, averring that she did not mean a single word of what she had said, and that she had only said them to tease and anger her cousin Catharine. She attempted to take her grandmother's hands, to kiss her, to plead with her; but the wounded old woman would not listen to her or answer her in any way.

She turned to Catharine, and told her to put on her cloak and hood, and she would take her back to town. Then she ordered Alida to tell her father exactly what had occurred. Gertrude fled to her room, crying and bemoaning her fate, and wishing that Catharine had never come into their house. Alida, even, was not exempt from her angry suspicions.

"You heard grandmother come in; I am sure you did," she said to her sister.

"I did not, Gertrude."

"Yes, you did. And that was the reason you told me not to 'say such things.' What will father say to me? He also will be against poor Gertrude."

"Gertrude, I am not against you."

"Every one and every thing is against me. Not one shilling now will grandmother leave me. Well, then, I don't care!"

"We shall always share together, Gertrude, in every way."

"Alida, what will you say to father?"

"The truth I must tell him; there is no other thing to do."

"I know that. But I hope that you will also say that Catharine provoked me very much. Remember how stupid she was this morning. Once she was so good-tempered and merry—"

"But she had a headache this morning, and she is so anxious and sorrowful."

"Well, then, is that our business? And grandmother will now be talking to Catharine, and asking her questions about us; and you may guess what she will say to her."

In this respect Gertrude was very far wrong. The grandmother did not say one word to Catharine all the way back to the city. When she put her down at a point not very far from her home, she asked, but with evident effort, if Catharine's mother was quite well; and to the girl's answer, her expression of thanks, and her good-by she made no response except a slight nod and the faintest smile.

Catharine had even a feeling that her grandmother was glad to be relieved from her company; and she said to herself, as she threaded the wet, crowded streets: "Grandmother was only kind to me in order to punish Gertrude and Alida." It was indeed one of those days in which life is apt to show us only the wrong or seamy side of all events, and this incident weighed on Catharine's heart very heavily. She feared her Uncle Jacob would be made to throw the blame on her; that she would lose both his love and her pupils; that, in some way or other, she would be made to feel, even by her grandmother, that she had been the bringer forth of unhappiness. As she walked drearily forward, life was at its lowest point; and she wondered if any other girl in all New York was so miserable and so hopeless. As she neared her home, the bells chimed the noon hour; but though she listened with her soul in her ears, they said nothing to her. It was just another disappointment.

When she came close to Trinity gates, she saw they were partly open, and the church door ajar; and a sudden overwhelming desire

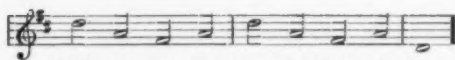
to enter took possession of her. There was apparently no one in the church; but a brush and a duster lying in the vestibule gave her the key to the conditions, and she said to herself:

"Some one has been dusting the pews, and when twelve chimed they went to their dinner. Very well, then; I shall have one hour alone."

She walked reverently forward, and soon came to a high, square pew. It was canopied and curtained, and richly ornamented; but she regarded only its deep seclusion. It was easy to enter, and she closed the door again, and sat down on one of the soft velvet footstools. The fret of life was outside; it was far away from her; she was in a sanctuary, and she felt as if she were in the presence of a great, calm friend. She was no longer afraid, she was no longer unhappy; all the shadows were gone. She had been comforted.

Fearing to break this heavenly sense of happiness, she sat very still, her face calm and shining, her eyes soft, deep, full of holy peace. Soon an irresistible languor soothed and possessed all her faculties. The carpet was warm and thick, the cushion-like hassocks soft as pillows. A sweet stillness lay all about her. Almost unconsciously she fell into a sleep, dreamless, profound, full of rest.

For more than two hours she slept; then in a moment she was wide awake. Some one was playing the organ very softly. With a song of joy in her heart, fearing, doubting, sorrow all fled away, she passed quietly out of the sanctuary in which she had found such comfort. And just as she reached the church gates the bells began to chime. She listened, and the happiest light spread from her lips to her eyes and transfigured her whole face; for this was what they said:



Lightly as a fawn she stepped across the muddy street. Her mother had been expecting her for some hours, and she looked up from her work at the delayed girl with a serious inquiry. But when she saw the radi-

ance, the peace, the happiness in Catharine's countenance, she held back the words of reproof that seemed deserving, and asked: "What is it, Katryntje?"

"I have had a message, mother," she said; "the bells have spoken at last." And she sat down by her mother's side and softly told her. And Madam, who had a heart simple and trustful as a child's, was equally comforted, and the words of reproof that had been on her lips were turned into words of hope and affection.

The quarrel at Uncle Jacob's was indeed a very disquieting circumstance; but Catharine thought she ought to "let it alone," and her mother before many days came to the same conclusion. "In a muddy stream there is no use in stirring; we will let it settle," she said; "for, whatever move we make, it may be wrong."

The wisdom of this course was evidenced by facts. In about a week Alida called to ask Catharine to continue their lessons. She said Gertrude had gone to her grandmother, and had come back forgiven. But it was not to be hidden that the family inquisition had been a very severe one, and that the intervening week had been full to the brim of penitence and penalties. Nor was the domestic atmosphere yet settled after the storm. Gertrude was sullen and gloomy, Alida only half as pleasant; and as for Uncle Jacob and the grandmother, neither of them made any sign to Catharine. She could not tell whether they were angry at her or not. But she thought of what her uncle had once said to Paul about the leafless trees and frozen streams: "They don't complain; they wait." And she resolved to make neither inquiry nor complaint, but simply—wait.

In other respects life was brighter, and she did not try to reason away the comfort of the bells. She kept their assurance like a song in her heart. When she awakened in the morning, she said to herself: "Nothing to fear, Katryntje! Nothing to fear!" And all day long, if a cowardly doubt disturbed her peace, she answered it with, "Nothing to fear, Katryntje! Nothing to fear!"

So the days came and went, and were full

of work and hope and sympathy. Friends and acquaintances began to say, "You ought to hear something good soon, Madam Van Clyffe," and Catharine's mother always answered cheerfully: "Yes, then; that is what we are expecting."

One morning Mr. Errington came into the parlor to ask Madam Van Clyffe if she would permit him to make a picture of a Dutch interior from her best kitchen. And as Madam was pleased at the proposal, they stood talking about the arrangement of certain old oak presses and cupboards, and the furniture of the room—especially of the big fireplace. Catharine went on with her embroidery, listening the while, and sometimes offering a suggestion, but really more interested in her work, and in her own thoughts, than in the "Dutch Interior."

In the midst of this quiet discussion, the parlor door was abruptly flung wide open, and a little figure in a light-blue hood, and with a quantity of pale-brown hair on her shoulders, ran impetuously forward to Catharine, exclaiming in almost hysterical crescendo: "My dear Delight! My dear Delight! My dear Delight!"

It was, of course, Elsie Evertsen. No one but Elsie would have so charmingly violated all sensible, conventional rules and forms of "Glad to see you!"

Madam and Mr. Errington looked at her with pleasant smiles. They even paused and ceased their conversation to watch her; for, indeed, in her blue hood and blue cloak, her short dress and buckled shoes, her childlike beauty and fairy figure, she was a very attractive picture.

In a minute or two she turned to Madam and said:

"Good morning, my dear Delight's mother! Pray forgive that I did not speak to you the first."

Then, looking critically for a moment at Mr. Errington, "You are Paul, I suppose,"—adding, in a tone of disapproval: "I did not think you were so big."

"I am not Paul," answered Mr. Errington, laughing. And then Catharine introduced Elsie to their friend. She made him an exceedingly pretty curtsy, and then turned away

with her "dear companion." They were very quickly left alone, and then Catharine lifted her work, and their confidences began. Elsie turned the conversation instantly to the school, and the events and changes that had happened since Catharine's farewell to it. In this way the morning and afternoon went like a pleasant dream.

And Catharine was glad of Elsie's company. She had a true, tender heart below all her affectations, and was certainly a very great favorite. Mr. Errington was delighted with her childish, meddling, saucy imperiousness; and he induced her to obtain her parents' consent to sit at Catharine's spinning-wheel and become, in this character, a part of his great picture, "A Dutch Interior."

Elsie was all the more desirable because Gertrude and Alida did not recover their old friendship. The lessons were continued because Uncle Jacob wished them to be continued; but the girls were, both of them, shy and cold, visiting on Catharine the consequences of their own fault. Elsie's quick wit divined the situation. She understood without a word the jealousy of the sisters, and their envy of Catharine's many friends and great popularity. It gave her, therefore, great pleasure to walk part of the way home with Gertrude or Alida and make such remarks as the following:

"I wish that Catharine was my cousin. Another girl so good, so clever, so beautiful, you cannot find in New York."

"Do you indeed think her beautiful?" asked Gertrude.

"Well, then," answered Elsie, "we are all of us dowdy girls when we stand beside her. Her face is perfect, and her figure; and as for her voice, it is wonderful!"

"Indeed," said Gertrude, "my voice is much stronger. I have been asked to sing in the choir."

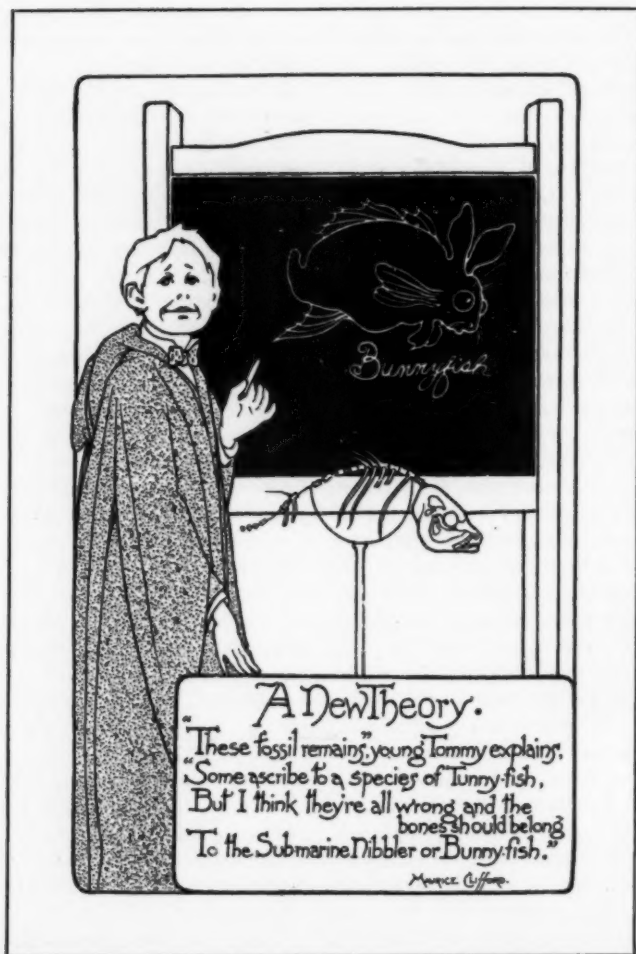
"Of the Dutch church!" exclaimed Elsie, smiling. "Perhaps, indeed, your voice, or my voice, might do for the choir; but if you have once heard Catharine sing 'Where the Bee Sucks,' then you do not want to sing yourself any more."

With this new element infused into their

quiet, busy days, Madam Van Clyffe and Catharine bore with bravery and even cheerfulness the slow wearing away of weeks into months. Her music, her teaching, her embroidery, and Elsie's companionship left little space for fretting. Nor was Catharine inclined to fret. Her nature was, like all fine natures, distinctly hopeful; and if, after some specially stormy day or some specially un-

happy visit from her relatives, she was disposed to doubt, or to think of her father's or Paul's return with uncertainty, the next chime put music in her heart again. For, ever after that day when she found in President Washington's canopied and curtained pew in Trinity Church a little sanctuary, the bells had chimed one song to her: "Nothing to fear, Katryntje! Nothing to fear!"

(To be concluded.)



ARKICHITA: A TALE OF AN INDIAN DETECTIVE.

(*A True Story.*)

BY LIEUTENANT W. C. BENNETT, 6TH INFANTRY, U. S. A.

WHEN a boy I read the fascinating delineation of Indian character as portrayed by that master hand, Fenimore Cooper; likewise did I pore eagerly over imaginative adventures of youthful heroes as depicted in the thrilling story-papers of the day; but after years spent on the frontier amid the Indians, and numerous adventures to which I was a witness on the plains, the force of the old adage, "Truth is stranger than fiction," is more firmly impressed on my mind than ever.

If you have an old atlas, look on what was the Territory of Dakota, and about sixty-five miles west of Big Stone Lake (on the eastern boundary) you will find a little tract of land laid off, marked "Military Reservation of Fort Sisseton." It is a portion of a country the early history of which was simply that of the Indian and the buffalo; and there, snugly nestled between a hundred small prairie lakes and sloughs, was the military post known as Fort Sisseton—a relic of pioneer days.

Here two companies of infantry, with their officers, passed the monotonous existence of garrison life on the frontier, as a precaution against whatever the future might present in the way of Indian trouble, the actual force being about six officers and their families, one hundred enlisted men, and a few Indian scouts, among whom was Arkichita,* chief scout.

Arkichita was a typical Indian. Although he knew English well, he held the old Indian hatred of its use, and would never speak it except under extraordinary circumstances. He stood about five feet nine inches in height, was slender, but wiry, and was about thirty-four years of age. Ordinarily he was slow and sedate in his actions—very dignified; but when the necessity arose, he could be as quick as a flash,

and had, like every Indian on the Northwestern plains, a pair of eyes that could equal any field-glass.

His services—for he had been employed as a scout for some years—had been very valuable to the government, and, in recognition of this fact, the officer in command had secured authority from the War Department to promote him to the rank of sergeant; consequently he went around in a neat uniform with chevrons and stripes, very much impressed with his own importance, which he considered second only to that of the commanding officer; and he took care that every one else also should respect his rank and dignity.

As his native name is the Sioux for "soldier," it is easily seen why he was so named; but he had still another name, which the Indians had given him before his entering military circles, and that, translated into English, was the "grass-walker," or "trailer," from his absolutely marvelous ability to find the trail of anything that left even the slightest trace on the ground as it passed over it.

About 6 o'clock P. M., somewhere near the middle of August, 1882, while we were sitting at dinner in the commanding officer's quarters, some one hurriedly approached the front door, and knocked in a manner to indicate that he desired a response without unnecessary delay. I had caught a fleeting glimpse of the person as he hurried by the dining-room window. By his face I saw he was an Indian, and by his uniform (the scouts were all uniformed) a scout; but while perfectly familiar with the features of each of the scouts, I had been unable to recognize this one as he passed.

* So signed by himself in a labored hand in the monthly muster and pay-rolls of the United States government. The correct spelling would probably be "Akicita." In this article it is made to agree with the pronunciation.

Surmising something was amiss, I jumped up and opened the door, to find myself confronted by the scout Macaw, or, as the Indians called him, "Buffalo Calf." I noticed his face was badly bruised, his manner excited. Evidently there was something serious the matter.

"What's the matter, Buffalo Calf?"

"Sojer hit me," he said in broken English, pointing to his face.

"What does he wish?" the colonel asked, from the dining-room.

"He says one of the soldiers struck him."

The colonel came to the door, and asked him to explain. Then, with his eyes glittering, the usual calm, stoical qualities of the Indian gone, the scout explained, by use of broken English, signs, and Sioux,—which I translated as he went along,—how a sheep-herder, passing across the reservation with a flock of sheep, had left word that he had abandoned some lambs a mile or so below, which any one could have by going after them; that he (Buffalo Calf) had gone out and carried two of them in and put them in an empty stall in one of the stables. Among the soldiers detailed on duty in the stable was a man named Brice, who took the lambs away from the scout, and said he would raise them himself. At this the scout said he would report Brice to the commanding officer. Brice said if he did he would "break every bone in his body." The scout started off to make his report, whereupon he was knocked down and beaten unmercifully, as his face only too plainly showed.

The colonel called to his orderly: "Give my compliments to the officer of the day, and say that I desire to see him immediately."

In about five minutes the officer of the day approached, and, giving the graceful military salute, said: "Sir, I report to the commanding officer."

Having stated the case to him, the colonel said: "I wish you to fully investigate this affair. Examine all the witnesses to it. Report to me whatever action you take."

The officer of the day replied, "Very good, sir," saluted, and left.

We were already somewhat familiar with Brice's character. He had been a cow-boy in

Texas, as he frequently boasted, and withal a desperate man, as subsequent events only too conclusively proved.

It was clearly shown by witnesses that the statement of the scout was correct in every particular. Consequently Private Brice was tried by garrison court martial, and sentenced "to be confined at hard labor, in charge of the post guard, for a period of thirty days, and to forfeit to the United States ten dollars of his pay."

He swore to be revenged. First he was going to "kill the scout"; then he was going to "get even with the commanding officer"; both of which threats were made openly, in defiance of military authority and discipline, and required corrective measures. He was placed on a bread-and-water diet for fourteen days. He likewise threatened to escape. "No guard-house can hold me. They tried it in Texas, and I got away," he said. But the guards only winked suggestively at each other, patted their rifles, and said they would like to see him try it.

One evening, just after the last notes of "retreat" had died away, and while the sounds from the evening gun were yet reverberating on the quiet air, came the sharp crack of a sentinel's rifle, followed almost immediately by another. An alarm!

Instantly everybody was in motion, running in the direction of the firing. Brice had "jumped" the sentry who was bringing him back from supper, and had escaped!

The scouts were told the direction he had taken. It was getting too dark to trail, so they hastily rounded up their ponies, and rode off to try and overtake him, if possible, but without success. Arkichita was at the Sisseton Indian Agency, forty miles away. In the morning they attempted to pick up the trail, which followed a path leading down to the lake shore; but as ten or more people had already gone back and forth in that direction, they were unable to single out Brice's trail from the rest; the only man who could do that, they said, was Arkichita.

Ordinarily, a man deserting as Brice had done would have had the sympathy of all the

rest of the enlisted men; but he had so antagonized every one by his brutality and by his threats that he had hardly a friend left.

The path the sentry said the deserter had taken passed within two hundred yards of an old ice-house, which had not been used for some time, and which was about a quarter full of straw. Numerous searching parties were sent out. Probably two or three had already been through this ice-house, but had evidently not spent much time there. Among those that did go there, eventually, were two sergeants from Company I—Sergeants Pallens and Loclins.

Both were familiar with the interior of the building, having superintended the packing of ice there in the winter-time; and knowing that if the man was hidden there he would be buried in the straw, they felt that the only way to satisfy themselves that he was not there, unless a stratagem was used, would be to take all of the straw out—an arduous undertaking.

Loclins wandered over the straw, jabbing his bayonet as far down into it as possible. This proved to be tiresome and ineffective. Presently he returned to Pallens, who was standing by the door. Thrusting the bayonet into the straw so that the butt of the rifle stood straight up in the air, he left it there. Turning to Pallens he said:

"Got any matches?"

"Yes; but you don't want to smoke in here—you'll set the old shack afire."

"Never you mind; give me the matches."

On getting them, he went over to the farther side of the room.

"Jerk that rifle up, and put it outside the door; and hold the door open, so I can get out quickly. We'll fasten it on the outside, so the smoke won't be seen until—"

"Great heavens, man! you don't mean to say you are going to set fire to the straw!" Pallens demanded. "Why, you idiot, we'll be tried by a general court, and get five—"

"You're old enough to have more sand. Hold the door open." Here he paused a minute.

"Quick! quick!" he cried, plunging heavily over the yielding straw to the door. "Get something, will you, to bar the door with—quick!"

Reaching the outside, he caught up his rifle, and halted.

There was a billowy motion in the straw, a sudden great upheaval. With straining sobs and frantic effort, something burst forth, scattering the straw broadcast, made tremendous leaps for the door, and sprang through—almost into the cold, glittering steel of two bayonets. That short, stern, military challenge, "Halt!" which so chills the heart when heard unexpectedly, greeted the ear.

The deserter confronted them like an animal at bay.

The scene was a wonderfully striking one. It would be impossible to tell who was the more astonished, the prisoner or his captors.

He glanced mechanically at the two men, then, bewildered, looked back into the ice-house. It was as dark and silent as a tomb. His face showed how keenly he appreciated their trick.

He pleaded with them to release him.

"I have never done nothing to you fellows. Let me go, and I will clear out and not bother anybody any more."

But they had grown gray in the service, and could not reconcile any such action with their ideas of duty.

Then he became bitter and exceedingly violent, threatening to "get even with them" after he was free.

Silently they marched him back to the guard-house, where he was shackled and placed in a cell to await a second trial—this time by a general court martial.

The guard-house was a one-story frame building, with two rooms and a cell. Upon entering, you found yourself in the guard-room—a room about thirty feet square, with a hole in the ceiling about twenty inches square for ventilation, while around the sides were arranged the bunks for the use of the members of the guard. The only other door led to the prison-room, which was slightly smaller than the guard-room, with the windows and door heavily ironed to prevent the escape of the prisoners. The cell that Brice was confined in was a separate affair in the prison-room.

One night, after he had been confined about

a week,—I recollect the night perfectly,—the moon showed fitfully through rolling fog; quiet had settled down over the fort; a few lights could be discerned, showing dimly through the mist; most of these would be extinguished in half an hour, when "taps" was sounded. Inside the guard-room also quiet reigned. The members of the guard, tired with guarding prisoners during the day, were trying to snatch what little sleep they could before going on their tiresome walk as sentry—"two hours on, and four hours off"—during the night. All were lying on their bunks, the majority asleep, the others courting the drowsy god—all except the sergeant of the guard and the corporal whose relief was on post; they were not allowed to sleep. The sergeant reclined on his bunk, trying to read by the flickering light, ever and anon glancing at the clock to see that the second relief, which went on post at eleven o'clock, was awakened in time by the corporal.

There was no sound except the grating of the feet of the sentry on the gravel, as he passed on his monotonous beat backward and forward in front of the guard-house. His beat was from the gate, thirty feet distant on one side, to the commissary storehouse, sixty feet away on the other.

It was customary to call the hours and half-hours. The sentry on "No. 1" had just been told the time by the corporal, and his "No. 1, half-past ten o'clock!" had been answered by Nos. 2, 3, and 4—faint echoes of mysterious voices coming out of the distance and fog, each giving his number, and adding: "Half-past ten o'clock, and all is well!" The sentry had notified the corporal of the answers by, "All is well, all around," and lapsed into silence again.

The sergeant closed his book, and had proceeded as far, in a remark to the corporal, as "Wonder what time the old man will inspect to-ni—" when a dark body suddenly fell through the square ventilating-hole, struck the floor not ten feet from him, and sprang for the door.

It was Brice!

The sergeant grabbed the loaded rifle at the head of his bunk, at the same time yelling, "Halt!" That yell transformed the interior of the guard-room as if at the waving of a

magician's wand; instantly the reclining forms sprang into life.

The man next to the sergeant sat up on his bunk and glanced inquiringly around until his eyes focused on the point of a bayonet two inches away; back of that gleamed the dark muzzle of a Springfield rifle.

"Duck your head, quick!"

But he needed no warning; he had dropped like a shot!

The delay, brief as it was, had enabled Brice to pass through the door, which he closed after him. Now occurred another wonderful piece of luck for him: the man on the post then, named Massena, was celebrated as a rifle shot; as luck would have it, he was at the far end of his beat.

At the sound of the disturbance, Massena turned. He saw Brice running through the fog, but did not recognize him. The fact that any one was running showed him something was wrong. He was not supposed to challenge until taps—eleven o'clock. He threw his rifle to his shoulder, but being undecided, he hesitated. Just as Brice reached the gate, the sergeant threw open the guard-house door, calling, "Halt!" Massena understood now, and just as Brice passed through the gate he fired.

The bullet went through the beam at the edge of the gate, but was just a fraction of a second too late; it could not have missed by more than six inches.

Brice turned the corner, and ran for dear life out into the prairie. The sergeant ran to the gate. He could see his man, phantom-like, running through the fog. He fired once, twice, three times. But Brice was too old a hand to be shot so easily. The sergeant said he ran in a zigzag fashion that puzzled his aim entirely—a trick he had doubtless learned in Texas. His form was soon swallowed up by the fog.

As the firing constituted an alarm, every one hurried to the scene. The daring nature of the escape took everybody's breath away.

Brice had managed to free himself from his shackles, had then cut a hole in the ceiling of his cell, and crawled over to the hole in the middle of the ceiling of the guard-room, and dropped as explained.

Here was a desperate man indeed!

The scouts were out immediately. As soon as Arkichita understood the situation, he strolled quietly off in the direction taken by the deserter, and in a short time returned and coolly retired to his quarters. The other scouts were out ranging the prairie.

The colonel sent for Arkichita in a hurry. His complacency was unchanged. "Me get um to-morrow—lightnogood to-night," was all he said.

You may be sure I slept but little that night, and turned out long before it was necessary, in my anxiety to be with Arkichita when he took up the trail. Many a time before had I accompanied this wizard of the prairie when trailing, and therefore realized something of what our expedition might be, as well as of its result. There is nothing so exciting as following a desperate man, who, for all one knows, may be armed.

As the old Apache chief Cochise once said to a dandy with whom he was deer-hunting:

"Huh! You think it heap big fun hunt deer; wait till you hunt man!"

Just as soon as it was light enough to follow the trail, I went over to the scouts' quarters, and found them at breakfast. While I knew they were as eager and excited about the coming "hunt" as I was, yet, by their manner, one not familiar with the events of the previous night would not have thought that they expected to leave inside of a week.

The meal ended, Arkichita gave a few orders in Indian language. It was easy to see what a powerful sway he held over the rest. They

buckled on their cartridge-belts, took up their carbines, and sauntered out through the gate to catch their ponies,—they all had ponies,—rugged, hardy little animals with sufficient

endurance to withstand the exposure and starvation incidental to a Dakota winter, when a "feed" of cottonwood bark was a delicacy. These ponies were what the hostile Indians called "war-ponies." With them a saddle or bridle was not a necessity; you could guide them with your knees. In case it was necessary to leave them, all the scout had to do was to tie one end of a long lasso around their necks, leaving the other end free. They could be approached at any time, and would seldom wander off if there was any grass in their vicinity, and they were as indifferent to firing as though they never heard it; you could shoot from one of these ponies, or under it, without causing it to even wink. It seemed to be the scouts' motto never to walk when they could ride; consequently their ponies were, under



ARKICHITA.

all conditions, their constant and faithful companions.

After saddling his pony, Arkichita quietly hunted around until he found a long, straight, stiff grass-stem; then he went over the course Brice had taken until, coming to a footprint that seemed to suit his fancy, he proceeded to carefully measure it with the grass-stem, breaking off the stem until it exactly fitted some particular part of the foot. That was his invariable custom. Having measured it, he

made a remark in Indian, to which the others merely said, "How!" It was something about *humpa*, which I knew was "shoe." Bubbling over with excitement and curiosity, I asked him, in Indian, "*Tako?*" ("What is it?") He tapped his shoe, and said, "*Wanich*" ("No"), meaning Brice had no shoes on. He showed me the trail. "*Ombadaka ota*" ("Trail plenty"), he said. But my untrained eye discerned nothing; the grass was too short and wet; nothing smaller than an elephant's print would have been visible to me.

Then we started out, Arkichita, with the grass-stem between his lips, in the lead, keeping off to one side of the trail, the rest quietly following him. He always carried the grass-stem between his lips, so as to leave his hands free to handle his carbine, an experience of four years before, when he was nearly shot from ambush by two deserters, having taught him always to be ready to shoot. It was his custom, when other trails intermingled with the one he was following, to measure for his particular footprint with the grass-stem; and so sharp were his eyes, and so accurate was this apparently simple process, that he had never been known to make a mistake.

The trail led to the west for a trifle over a mile; then it turned north for a quarter of a mile, and we followed until we came to a tree at the edge of a slough to the northwest of the fort, called the "garden bar slough." Here Arkichita pointed under the tree, and said Brice had lain down there to rest.

The trail here led into the slough.

A Dakota "slough" is a shallow lake, the water of which is from six inches to three feet deep, with a soft, muddy bottom, but not generally miry. The center of the slough is usually free from grasses or weeds, but along the edges, from twenty to sixty yards out, long tule-grass grows.

This particular slough was a mile long, and varied from an eighth to a quarter of a mile in width, and there was a foot of water covering as much soft mud. During the night the wind had roiled the water up considerably. It seemed hardly possible to track anything through it, except where the tule had been broken down. Where that was the case, even I

could follow the trail; on reaching open water, however, the case was different.

The eastern end of the slough reached to a point near the fort not more than a hundred and fifty yards from a brick-yard, on which was a kiln that had been built during the summer. The kiln was now ready for firing.

As Arkichita did not wish too many trails made in the slough, he sent the other scouts to examine around the edge of it, to see if they could find where the trail came out. He would probably have sent me with them, if he had had the authority; as it was, I followed him into the water.

The trail was plain until we reached the edge of the tule; but here, even with my faith in Arkichita, I gave up hope. Slowly, methodically, surely, that Indian plodded through that slough—through the most remarkable turnings I ever saw. I thought at times that he was rambling at random; but every once in a while he would come to tule bent down or broken, showing that he still held to the trail.

Brice certainly was an artist. He must have doubled around the slough the greater part of the night. But he made one grave mistake: had he held to the open water entirely, I do not believe even Arkichita could have puzzled backward and forward through it.

Once I thought Arkichita was baffled, after all; he had come to a dead standstill near the tule. Then an inspiration struck me; perhaps by a circle I could find the trail. Happy thought! I put it into immediate execution, and found one. Rather elated at my success, I called: "Come quick; heap trail!" He came over, took one look; just the suggestion of a smile played on his face as he said: "Cow."

I did no more trailing, but understood what was bothering him. The post herd also had waded through here since Brice's escape, and it took all the scout's endless patience and wonderful eyesight to keep the trail where the cattle had passed through it. The grass-stem was of no use here.

We had passed over half the slough in this circuitous route, when suddenly Arkichita started, straight as the crow flies, for the edge

of the slough near the brick-kiln. Was he following the trail?

On he went until he came to the shore nearest the kiln; here he stopped, evidently bothered again. There was a scarcely discernible

He passed the driftwood, scrutinizing it closely, and then searched the grass beyond it. He was evidently surprised. After carefully studying the situation from the bank awhile, without a word, he laid his carbine



THE GUARD-ROOM.

footprint in the mud and water right at the edge of the slough, apparently the last step the deserter had taken before reaching hard ground. This footprint showed the toes, so the deserter was now barefooted. Another thing about this print was its direction: it stood at right angles to the line previously followed. Either the man had taken a side-ward spring for the land from his right foot, or he had turned around and started back over his own trail.

Arkichita left the water and went out on the bank, in doing which he had to pass for a distance of eight or ten feet over a layer of small, dry pieces of driftwood, washed in, at some former time, by the action of the wind.

down, took off his blouse, rolled up his sleeves, and, stepping in his own trail, came back to the footprint in the mud mentioned before. Here he leaned over carefully in the shallow water to the right of the print, and felt with his hand in the mud under the water to see if any trail led back into the water. Then he went ashore, put on his blouse, and took up his carbine again. All this time I had been standing in one spot, afraid to move for fear of getting into the trail.

The trail apparently ended at the water's edge!

Sergeant Arkichita was placed on his mettle; a critical test confronted him; at last his great reputation as a trailer was at stake!

He went down on his knees, and inspected the grass, blade by blade. I kept a respectful distance at one side, astonished at the turn the affair had taken. Now, inch by inch, on his knees, he wrenched the secret from the apparently unwilling surface of the earth. Eighty yards from the kiln, he looked up and glanced at it. The same idea evidently instantly occurred to both of us. The trail was leading to the kiln! Then he rose, and, bending over, slowly advanced to the edge of the brick-yard.

This yard was about seventy yards long and forty yards wide. It had been used all summer for drying bricks on, and, while it was perfectly level, was as hard as a stone. Men had been walking on it in their bare feet and in their stocking-feet until it was like a piece of marble, and about as smooth. In the center was the kiln, covered with a wooden roof, shaped like an inverted V, to protect it from rain until fired. This roof was supported on poles, the apex being some three feet above the top of the kiln, while its sides missed the kiln by at least a foot, the roof standing entirely clear of the kiln. Along each side of the kiln, about eight arches, five feet long and four feet high, had been built in, to place wood in for firing. The only thing in the yard besides the kiln was an old-fashioned army water-wagon, which was somewhat

like an ordinary sprinkling cart and resembled an enormous barrel on four wheels.

After reaching the yard, Arkichita walked slowly around the outer edge of it, examining



THE INDIAN SCOUTS EXAMINING THE TRAIL.

the ground with the utmost care, until he came to the point from which he started, when he said: "Trail come in—no go out; man in there," pointing to the kiln. He was unable to find a sign of that trail on the brick-yard, the deserter's feet leaving no perceptible mark on the stone-like floor of the yard. With carbine at full cock, and the grass-stem between

his lips, the scout then proceeded to examine the kiln. He went under its arches built for firing, and looked under the roof from the upper edge of the kiln. Then he poked in the water-wagon, which was half full of water, with a stick—in fact, examined every place wherein a man could be concealed; but not a sign of the deserter did he find. Then he started in and examined the rank burdock weeds which grew to the height of a man's head alongside of the yard, but, as before, with no success. There was evidently some "bad medicine" at work somewhere, Arkichita seemed to be thinking. An evil spirit must surely have come and carried the deserter off just as he reached the brick-yard.

The other scouts, with the exception of Buffalo Calf, patrolled the slough and vicinity without success, eventually arriving at the brick-yard, where Arkichita stated his theory about the "bad medicine" for their benefit. They also searched the kiln, poked in the water-wagon, searched the weeds on each side; but, as was to be expected, where Arkichita failed they failed likewise.

Buffalo Calf, it appears, did not go with the others to search the borders of the slough. His "heart was bad"—very bad. The injury and insult rankled in it as it only could in one of an Indian's implacable, unforgiving nature.

About the time Arkichita and I were emerging from the slough, Buffalo Calf came up to the commanding officer's quarters, and asked to see the *arkichita etoucha* (soldier chief).

When the colonel appeared, and asked him what he wanted, Buffalo Calf asked, in Indian, if he could kill the deserter in case he found him. Now, the colonel knew a little Indian—just enough to misunderstand him. He thought he wanted to know if he would be entitled to the usual reward in case he captured Brice; so he told the scout, "Yes."

With that, the Indian swung his carbine around his head, emitted a wild war-whoop, and started back toward the slough on the run. His heart was getting better already; but it would be bad for Brice if Buffalo Calf should ever find him!

When the result of the trailing was reported

to the colonel, he also came down and inspected the brick-yard. He was an old Indian fighter, having fought the wily Apache in Arizona, and knew a thing or two himself about trailing. He ordered Lieutenant — to take the scouts out on the prairie and make a big circle, and see if they could not pick up the trail again somewhere else.

The lieutenant returned in about an hour, and reported that, instead of finding the trail, he had lost two of the scouts.

"Lost them! what do you mean?" the colonel asked.

"All I know is, I had them deployed in a skirmish-line about twenty yards apart, rounding the bluffs by the Abercrombie Hill, and when they came in sight again Arkichita and Buffalo Calf were missing. I asked John where they were; he shook his head, and said, '*Slow-le-wash-ne*' ('I don't understand you'). Then I asked Crow Feather; he pointed to the sky with his little finger, and said, '*Wa-kan*' ('Evil spirit')."

A soldier, having evidently overheard the conversation in passing, came up, saluted, and said: "Sir, 'Kichita 's down in the brick-yard, pokin' in the water-wagon."

"Is Buffalo Calf there also?"

"No, sir; leastwise, I did n't see him, sir."

We adjourned to the brick-yard. Sure enough, standing at one corner of the yard, with the grass-stem still in his mouth, and his carbine across his arm, surveying the kiln with the air of a man completely wonder-struck, stood Arkichita. The kiln seemed to have a perfect fascination for him. "Trail come in—no go out; man in there," was all he would say; and nothing could shake this conviction.

But Buffalo Calf was not to be found; he had disappeared as mysteriously as the deserter.

Every man in the fort searched that kiln; one quarter of them poked in the water-wagon; and so many of them walked through the burdock weeds that they were nearly crushed flat: but no one found a sign of the deserter. Still, there was something so convincing in the persistent insistence of Arkichita about "trail come in—no go out; man in there," that even the colonel was staggered.

The day wore on. At night armed parties

were hidden not far from the kiln and in the garden next to it. There was a general belief that, in case the deserter was concealed in the neighborhood, it was evidently in the hope of being aided by parties in the post; at any rate, he would be compelled by hunger to try to get food. The night wore away without anything new taking place. The next day the scouting and hunting were resumed; even the old ice-house was carefully re-searched; but to no purpose. On approach of night again, hidden parties were placed on guard, as before.

Near one o'clock, as I was about retiring, after a conversation in which I had exhausted every reasonable theory of the escape of Brice, and had remarked, for the twentieth time, how hard it was to understand that Arkichita was so completely fooled—as I was on the point of going to my room there rang through the still night air such a crashing volley that I jumped clear out of the chair. I instantly formed a conclusion as to what had occurred. The deserter had attempted to enter the garden (forced by hunger, probably), had been challenged, attempted to escape, they had fired on him, and probably he was dead.

Jumping for the stairs, I put one hand on the rail, and it seems to me now that I slid down that rail on one hand, without ever touching my feet to the stairs. Never waiting for a hat, I flew down the road toward the garden. When about half-way there, another volley was fired; by the flash of the rifles I saw it came from the brick-yard. Upon arriving, I found one end of the kiln surrounded by armed soldiers and scouts. The deserter was evidently between the top of the kiln and the roof. A couple of lanterns threw a poor light over the party. Their faces were a study. But what struck me most, and what also seemed to engage the attention of Lieutenant — at the same time, was the look and attitude of Buffalo Calf. As the dark form of the deserter appeared in the shadow, slowly making his way down, the Indian's face looked simply demoniacal. He edged out to be free from the group, all the while keeping his eyes riveted on the deserter, and fingering his carbine convulsively. Suddenly we heard the

sharp click of the lock as he cocked the rifle. Quick as lightning he threw it to his shoulder; but, quick as he was, the lieutenant was quicker, and, grasping the weapon before the Indian could fire, he wrenched it from his grasp.

Among the parties hidden in the vicinity of the garden the second night were our old acquaintances, Sergeants Pallens and Loclins. About half-past twelve o'clock, Loclins told Pallens that he heard a noise. Presently they both heard it. It sounded like a suppressed cough which at first they were unable to locate. It appeared to come from the air; but, on listening intently, they found it came from the direction of the kiln. They approached carefully, and, after listening awhile, heard the sound distinctly; it came from the top of the kiln.

Word was immediately sent around to the other parties that they had found their man. A couple of lanterns were procured, and a man with a lantern was sent up under the roof. He had proceeded about half-way along the top of the kiln, when he came to a place where the bricks had been carefully taken out, and just room enough made to conceal a man lying down; and there, lying at full length, flat on his back, was Brice!

The man with the lantern descended and reported. The deserter was ordered to come down, but never stirred. A volley was fired through the roof over his head, and he was again ordered to come down; again no movement on his part; but a second volley, fired as closely as the kiln would permit, produced a compliance with the order.

It appears that in his wanderings through the slough on that foggy night Brice contracted a cold; and a cough, which he was unable to suppress on the second night, betrayed him.

He was shackled securely this time and returned to the guard-house. Later he was sent to Fort Snelling, Minnesota, where he was tried by general court martial, and sentenced to about a year's confinement at hard labor. One day, while out with another prisoner, under guard, Brice asked the sentry for a match, and as it was handed to him he struck the sentry on the head with a rock, grabbed his rifle, and fled. The other prisoner gave the

alarm. Several companies of infantry were drilling in the neighborhood, and these were immediately deployed into a skirmish-line, and Brice was recaptured inside of half an hour. He was again tried, and sentenced to a long term of confinement at the military prison at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

If you will hold a book, flat side up, so that it is on a level with your eyes, you will find that you are unable to see whether the middle of the top of the book has been cut out or not. This was exactly the case with the top of the kiln. We could see through between the top of the kiln and the roof without the slightest difficulty; there was nothing there. But we were unable to get high enough above the top of the kiln, at either end, to see the opening in it, owing to the roof being only some three feet above the kiln at its highest point, and owing, also, to the distance of the opening from either end, and to its smallness. It was so palpably empty that it never occurred to any one to crawl through under the roof. Arkichita told me that Brice had walked backward from the slough to the yard, first putting on his stockings, which he had removed before entering the slough, and had then carefully tried to brush away every vestige of the trail. I afterward interviewed the deserter, who corroborated the scout's statement, saying that his main dependence was in his fancied ability to throw the scout off of the trail; his faith in the security of his hiding-place lay only in the belief that no one would suspect his nearness to the kiln; showing how plans, though well conceived, often hinge on the smallest things—things not previously considered as being of any consequence. His security really lay in the utter simplicity of his hiding-place, undiscovered for thirty-six hours after he was trailed to within thirty-five feet of it.

Of course every one able to do so visited

the kiln the next morning, and admired the ingenuity displayed in the selection of such a place. At the same time, it was a very sheepish crowd that stood around, each one wondering why it had never occurred to him to crawl through.

Every new arrival had to run the gantlet of good-humored bantering. Some one called to me, as I approached: "Say, I hear you trailed a cow for over ten miles!" Arkichita, who came sauntering along later, was subjected to a regular broadside of chaffing. One wag yelled to him, pretending to quote him: "Trail no go in, but man heap come out. How 's that, Arkichita?" At which he laughed, and said: "*Washta-a-lo*" ("Very good"). When he saw the opening in the top of the kiln, he gave the Indian ejaculation of surprise: "*Ho-ho-hey!*" and said it was "*Lee-leo-y-u-pe*" ("Extraordinarily fine").

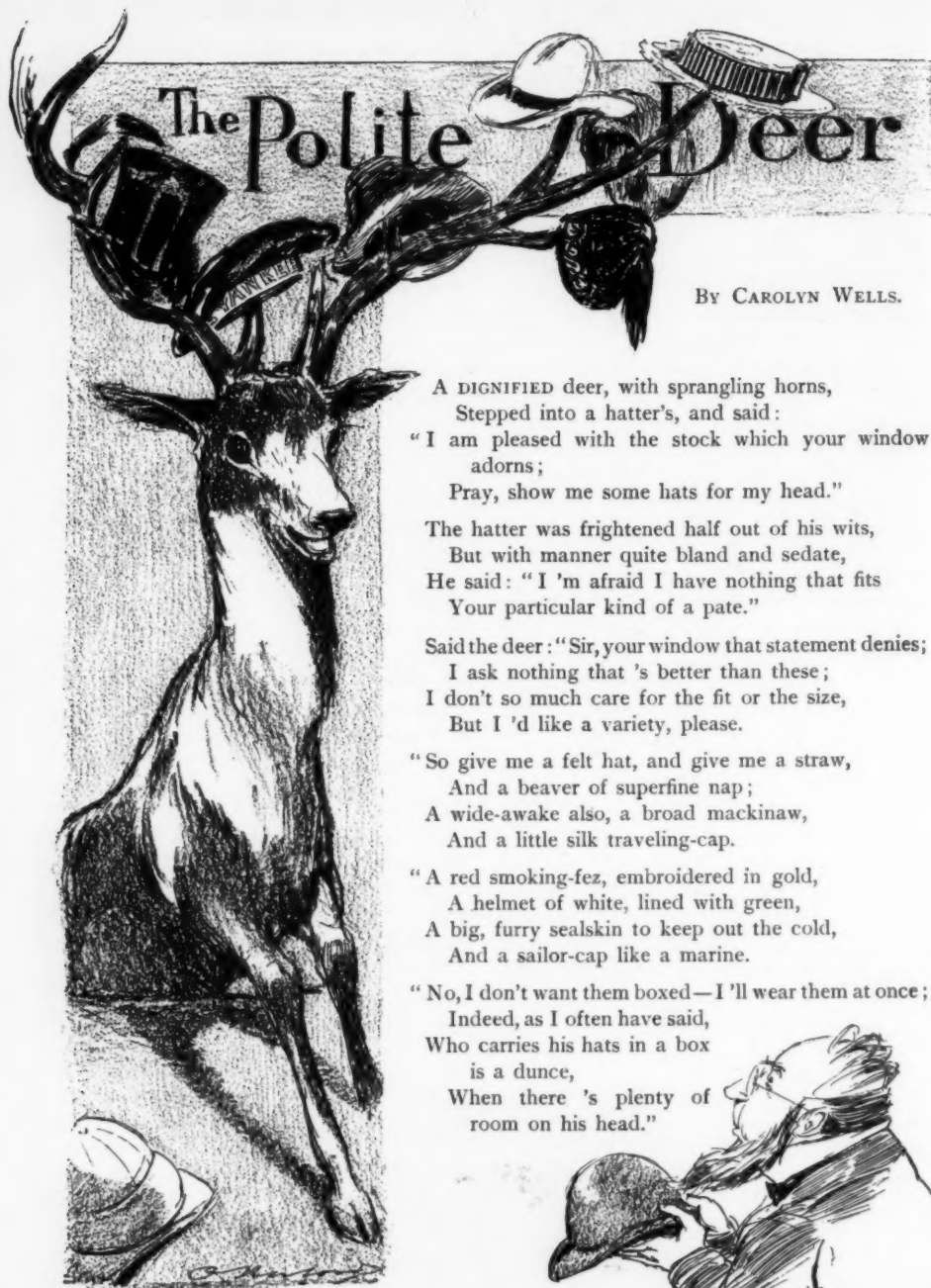
Two years after this the Sisseton command was ordered to Fort Totten, away up in the northern part of Dakota, on Devil's Lake. My brother and I went there overland in an ambulance—a distance of nearly three hundred miles. Arkichita went along as guide; and though we seldom were on a road, driving across country most of the time, he never was lost for an instant.

After we had arrived at Fort Totten, and it came time for him to return to Fort Sisseton, he came over to bid me good-by. He showed the most feeling I ever saw him exhibit, as he shook my hand and said: "When you die, you be Indian, and mebbe so we hunt some more." Then he mounted his pony and rode away. Somehow a lump came

in my throat. My "heart was very bad." I watched him until he disappeared behind the "Devil's Tooth."

That was the last I ever saw of Arkichita.





The Polite Deer

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

A DIGNIFIED deer, with sprangling horns,
Stepped into a hatter's, and said:
"I am pleased with the stock which your window
adorns;

Pray, show me some hats for my head."

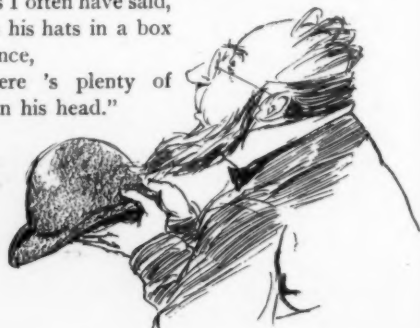
The hatter was frightened half out of his wits,
But with manner quite bland and sedate,
He said: "I'm afraid I have nothing that fits
Your particular kind of a pate."

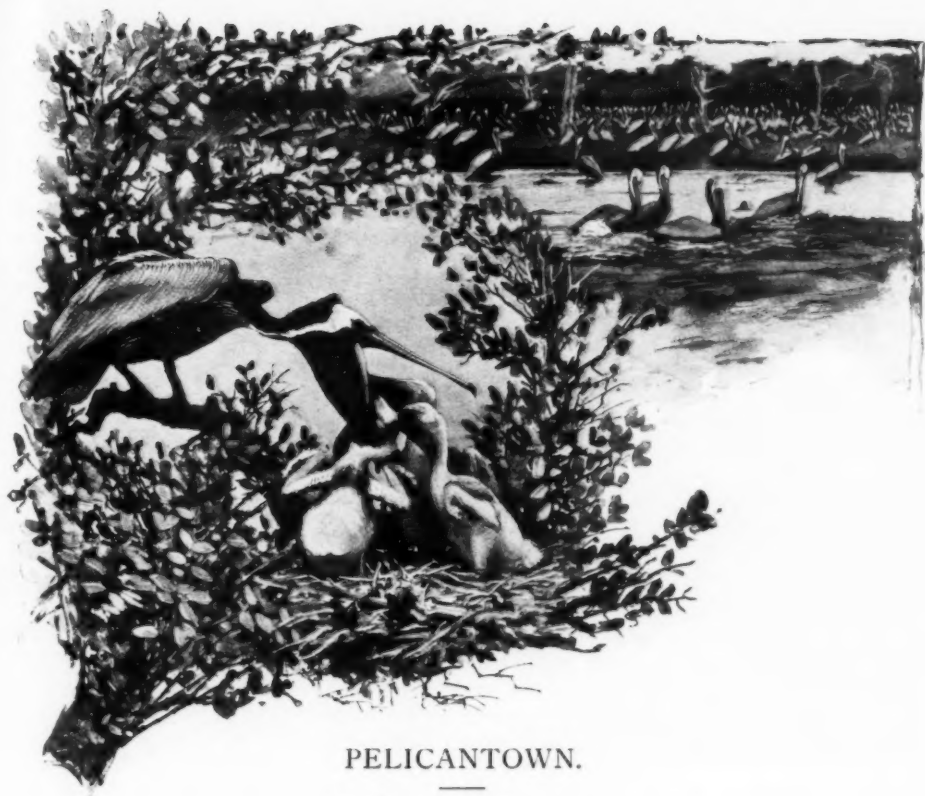
Said the deer: "Sir, your window that statement denies;
I ask nothing that 's better than these;
I don't so much care for the fit or the size,
But I 'd like a variety, please.

"So give me a felt hat, and give me a straw,
And a beaver of superfine nap;
A wide-awake also, a broad mackinaw,
And a little silk traveling-cap.

"A red smoking-fez, embroidered in gold,
A helmet of white, lined with green,
A big, furry sealskin to keep out the cold,
And a sailor-cap like a marine.

"No, I don't want them boxed—I'll wear them at once;
Indeed, as I often have said,
Who carries his hats in a box
is a dunce,
When there 's plenty of
room on his head."





PELICANTOWN.

BY FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

WHY is it, do you suppose, that all the eaves-swallows in a village place their row of mud tenements under the roof of a certain barn? Every nook in which a nest could be built is occupied by the clay apartments—not one is “to let”; still, none of the birds seem to think of building under the equally favorable roof of the neighboring barn. Their cousins, the bank-swallows, show the same strong sociability, and from miles around they gather to nest in some particular sand-bank, the face of which will be thickly pitted with the entrances to their burrows.

It is not because the place chosen is the only one available that the birds nest in flocks. There may be hundreds of barns and banks just as good as the ones selected. It is not a question of food, for insects are abundant

everywhere, and these strong-flying birds can hunt them over miles of country. It is not because they find “safety in numbers”; rather do they make themselves conspicuous by gathering in such large bodies. As a rule, it is sociability—the desire for companionship—that offers the only reasonable explanation for the great colonies which may be observed at nesting-time.

Certainly, no other theory will explain the origin of Pelicantown. Its site, like those often selected by human colonists, seems poorly chosen; its natural advantages are few; but so attached to their home are its inhabitants that even the most cruel persecution by their human foes has failed to drive them from the land of their ancestors.

But where is Pelicantown? In spite of its

population of nearly three thousand, few maps will show it. Glance with me, therefore, at a map of Florida. Find the Indian River, that long, narrow lagoon on its east coast, divided from the sea by only a ribbon of land. Pelicantown is situated about midway between its northern and southern extremities, near the eastern shore of a bay which here makes the river about three miles wide. It is an island, triangular in shape, containing about three acres of ground. A few bushes and low palm-trees grow on it, and there are great patches of tangled grass, but at least one fourth of its surface is bare sand.

During the nesting season this barren island is the home of probably all the pelicans of Indian River. Here they come to build their nests, lay their eggs, and rear their young, and from January to May life in Pelicantown presents so many novel scenes and picturesque incidents that no one could fail to be interested in it.

In March, 1898, I visited this city of birds. As my boat approached I saw signs of life. Files of birds were returning from fishing expeditions; platoons were resting on the sandy points; some were in bathing, others were sailing about in broad circles high overhead; and soon one could hear the sound of many voices—a medley of strange cries in an unknown tongue.

Arriving and departing on wings, the inhabitants of Pelicantown have little need of deep-water harbors, and I found myself obliged to anchor my sloop about a hundred yards from the island, and go ashore in a small boat.

Surely no traveler ever entered the gates of a foreign city with greater expectancy than I felt as I stepped on to the muddy edge of Pelicantown. The old birds, without a word of protest, deserted their homes, leaving the eggs and young at my mercy. But the young were as abusive and threatening as their parents were silent and unresisting. Except in the air, they were everywhere, and of every age. Some were on the ground, others in the bushy trees; some were just coming from the egg, others were just learning to fly: but, one and all, in a chorus of barks, croaks, and screams which rings in my ears whenever I think of

the experience, they united in demanding that I leave the town.

If I approached too near, their cries were doubled in violence, and accompanied by vicious lunges with their bills, which were snapped together with a pistol-like report.

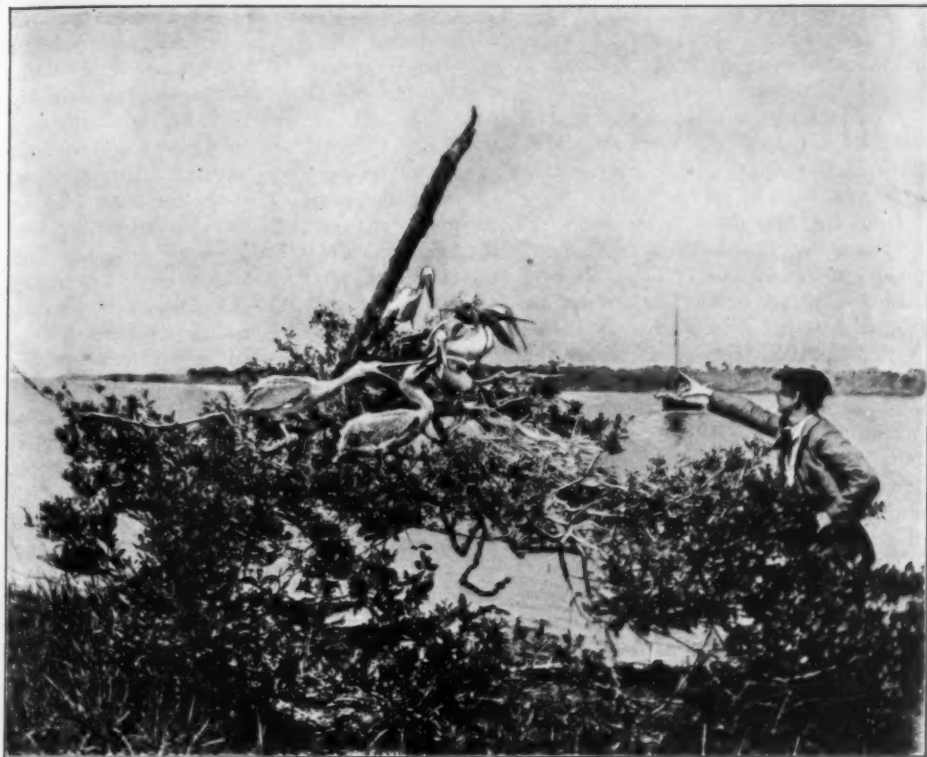
As I walked from tree to tree, examining the noisy young birds that had left the nest and were climbing about the branches, it seemed as if I were passing from cage to cage in a zoölogical garden; and as I entered that part of the island where the nests were on the ground, every bird that could walk left its home, and soon I was driving a great flock of young pelicans, all screaming at the tops of their voices, and saying as plainly as they could: "Why don't you leave us in peaceful possession of our land, which surely is of no use to you?"

The old birds, in the meantime, were resting out on the water. They might have been unpleasant foes, but in their stately, dignified way they accepted the situation, and simply waited in silence for us to retire, when they at once returned to their nests, and in a short time comparative quiet reigned again in Pelicantown.

This is a sketch of life in the pelicans' metropolis as one sees it during brief visits; but the place was far too interesting to leave hurriedly, and I shall relate here what was learned about the pelicans and their home during four days passed with and near them.

It being quite impossible to count the birds, I determined to count their nests, of which my census showed there were no less than 845; but only 251 were occupied, though all had been built that spring.

The death-rate is high in Pelicantown. Doubtless many young birds die through injuries received while trying to escape from tourists who visit the island and thoughtlessly chase the young birds about. The usual number of eggs laid by the pelicans is three, but assuming that all hatch, it is not probable that more than one half the young live to reach maturity. Hence we may reckon the number of young which had left the five hundred and ninety-four deserted nests at eight hundred and ninety-one. Add to these two parent pelicans to each nest, and we have



"A CHORUS OF BARKS, CROAKS, AND SCREAMS."

2581 birds on the wing or on foot. But this number is to be increased by the 154 young that were still in the nests, making the total population of Pelicantown 2735.

This calculation, however, does not take into account the eggs found, from which almost hourly came new inhabitants of the island; and it is with these eggs, or rather in what they were placed, that we may begin our study of a pelican's life.

The nests of water-birds are, as a rule, very simple. Indeed, they often lay their eggs on the bare ground or on rocks. The young of most species, being covered with down from the first, can run or swim soon after hatching, and consequently the nest is not the cradle, and is needed only to hold the eggs. Ducks and snipe are good examples of this class of birds, to which pelicans, however, are exceptions.

Their young are hatched blind and perfectly naked, and the pelican's nest is, therefore, not only an incubator in which, with heat furnished by the parent, the egg is hatched, but it is also a cradle, which may shelter the young for a month or more. For this reason the pelican's nest is, for a water-bird's, an unusually well-built structure.

If one were to visit Pelicantown in January, one would see the pelicans house-building. If their home was to be in a mangrove-bush, they would first make a foundation by laying long sticks from crotch to crotch, and on this erect a compact nest, about two and a half feet in diameter, made of smaller sticks, and lined with dried grasses.

But when the old pelicans decide to build their house upon the sands, they seem to realize that less care is required in its construction.

Sticks are not used, the nest being made wholly of grasses. Thus pelicans have learned to make two entirely different nests, according to the building-sites chosen.

When the nest is ready, from one to three dull, white, chalky eggs are laid. They are elliptical in shape, and about three times as large as a hen's egg.

Upon these the parent, whether one or both I cannot say, broods most faithfully. One could see the incubating birds all over the island, some in bushes and others on the ground, sitting on their eggs as immovably as the stuffed pelicans in a museum.

In about four weeks their patience is rewarded by the appearance of the ugliest "pelicanling" it is possible to imagine. His dark-purple skin is without a sign of feathers, he is blind, and he twists about in the nest and utters a whining cough like the choking bark of a young puppy.

Even at this early age he displays one of the strong characteristics of pelican childhood—a pugnacious disposition. Almost before his eyes are open he bites at his nest-mates, with apparently no other reason than that they

come within reach of his bill. Soon his eyes are open, and within a few days a wonderful change begins in his appearance. Little bunches of white down sprout all over his body, and, growing rapidly, transform the skinny, purple-black nestling of a few days before into a snowy creature clad in down.

At the same time, he has been growing much stronger; he is able to sit up, his fighting abilities have greatly increased, and his voice, after passing through a rasping, *k-r-r-r*-ing stage, has become a high, piercing cry very closely resembling the scream of a child in extreme pain. Young pelicans uttering this call chiefly made up the chorus one could hear all day, and at intervals during the night, in Pelicantown.

Young pelicans of the same nest never seem to recover from the mutual enmity with which they begin life. Quarreling is the normal condition of affairs among the children of a pelican family; and as they always scream loudest when fighting, one cause for the continuous uproar is evident. Another is the question of food, as we shall see.

The next important change in the young



"I WAS DRIVING A GREAT FLOCK OF YOUNG PELICANS."



"RESTING ON THE WATER THEY WAITED FOR US TO RETIRE."

pelican's feather dress is the growth of his wing-feathers. When they make a brown fringe on the forearms, I imagine he may feel very much like a boy in his first trousers. As yet the feathers are useless, but with them come strength and courage to leave his nest and to clamber about in search of fresh foes who may have been mocking him for days from their nest on an adjoining limb. If his home is on the ground he waddles about, playing by himself, or fighting with his neighbors. Small puddles are often his playground. He dabbles in the shallow water, filling his pouch with mud, then dropping the bill downward in order that it may ooze out, leaving only a stick, shell, or a bit of weed, which he feels of carefully as if to see if it is good to eat. Even when alone he sometimes loses his temper. I saw one evidently much annoyed by the appearance of the feathers in his wing, and in a vain effort to bite them he whirled about like a kitten chasing its own tail. A comical picture he made.

But the fast-growing wing-plumes soon seem

to be a source of inspiration rather than an annoyance. The young pelicans feel a new and strange power coming to them, and they stand in the nest and wave their now nearly grown wings in imitation of their elders, but still lack the confidence to trust themselves wholly to the support of their pinions.

Thus far, in sketching the history of a pelican's early days, no mention has been made of the care it receives from its parents—a very important item, indeed, in the life of any child, whether he wears feathers, fur, or cotton. Father and Mother Pelican look so much alike, the former being only slightly larger, that it is impossible to tell which parent is the most attentive to the wants of its offspring.

For the first few days after the eggs are hatched, one of the old birds is constantly on the nest to protect its naked young from the rays of a sun which, even in March, burns with a strong suggestion of tropical warmth. But when a covering of down affords the young birds protection, the parents need come to the nest only at meal-time; and this brings us

to the most interesting part of a young pelican's life, and also to the second reason for the vocal uproar in Pelicantown.

Pelicans live wholly on fish, and the only difference between the fare of a young pelican and that of an old one is in the size of its finny food. I have seen fish twelve inches long in the throat of an old pelican, while the pouch of a very young bird contained several fishes less than an inch in length.

It is plain to be seen, therefore, that when an old pelican goes fishing for his family, the nature of his catch will depend on the age of his young—little fish for little birds, larger fish for larger ones.

Just how he manages to bring the right size I do not know, but when I went on deck each morning at daybreak, I saw the old birds going fishing, in parties of two to a dozen or more. They fly in a diagonal line, each bird being not quite exactly behind the other, and all flap their wings together for about ten strokes, then spread them and sail for as many seconds.

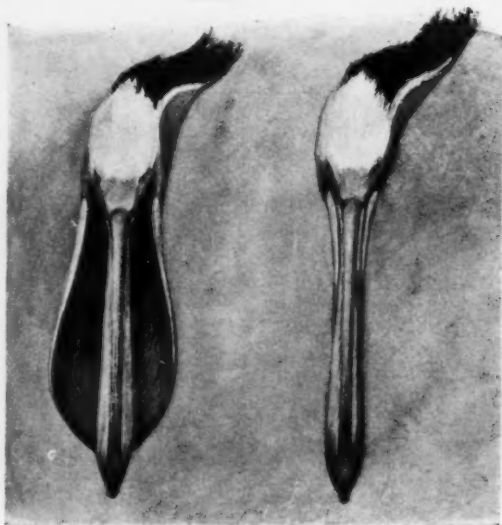
Generally they headed for the ocean, there to follow the beach-line, at times low down over the curling surf, at others high in the air, to their fishing-grounds. How far they went I know not, but often I have seen them passing a point ten miles north of Pelicantown, flying steadily up the coast as though their haven was still far distant.

The Western white pelicans catch fish by scooping them up as they sit upon the water; but our pelican, the brown pelican (*Pelecanus fuscus* of ornithologists), is a more dashing fisherman. He dives from the air for his prey,

darting from a height of thirty feet, with a force which almost buries him beneath the water, and makes a splash one can hear half a mile away. He weighs about eight pounds,

and one would think that the force with which he strikes the water would break every bone in his body. But on studying his structure one sees that between the flesh and the outer skin of his breast he wears a cushion of air-cells formed of elastic tissue, and this acts as a pad or buffer when he strikes the water, breaking the shock of the blow.

But how does the pelican catch the fish? Surely he cannot spear them with that great hooked bill of his, and if we were



HEAD OF PELICAN. MOUTH OPEN AND CLOSED.

to examine the opening to his pouch we should find it only a narrow slit between the sides of his lower mandible. Here, however, is a very interesting piece of animal mechanism. The pelican's pouch is, in a sense, like a folding scoop-net; and when not in use, it assumes the shape most convenient for its owner in carrying it. But in diving for fish, as the head is thrown forward, the sides of the lower mandible are widely separated or bowed out, and the opening to the pouch is thus made about four and a half inches wide and eleven inches long.

About eight o'clock is the earliest breakfast-hour in Pelicantown. Then the most successful fishermen begin to come home with the morning's catch, and the succeeding two or three hours are the noisiest of the day.

The birds come back, as they went, in dignified lines, which break up as they reach the island, each bird going to its own young. Then the outcry begins. The young cluster

about the returned fisher, obviously asking all together: "Have you brought me anything?" And the old one takes it very patiently, sitting quite still until ready to open his pocket, as it were. Then he takes a perch, if possible a little above the young, drops his lower bill with its pouch, and immediately the young thrust in their bills to secure their share of the morning's bag. On one occasion I saw three half-grown pelicans with their heads and necks quite out of sight in the parent's pouch, and all prodding about so vigorously that one would have thought it would be damaged past mending!

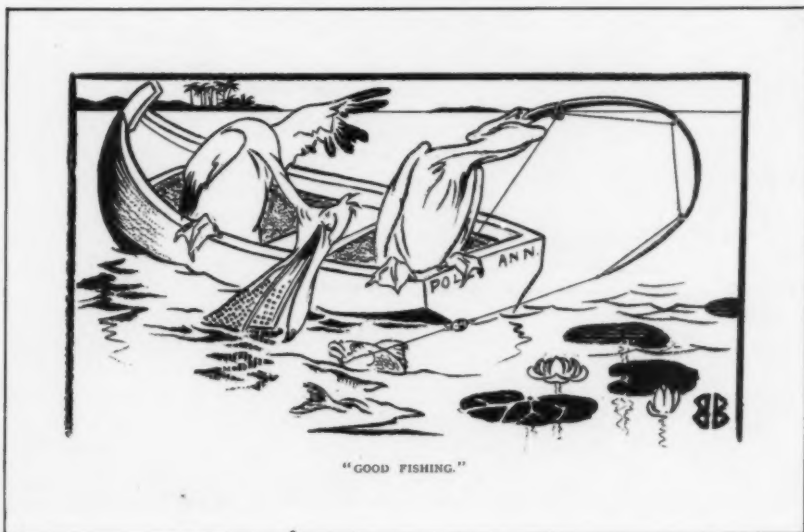
Having been fed, one might suppose that for a time at least peace would reign in the pelican household; but having emptied their parent's pouch, the young immediately begin to squabble over their breakfast among themselves, and now there is a real cause for war. They grasp each other by the bill, and twist and turn like athletes in a test of strength, seldom, however, with serious results.

The time fast approaches when the young pelican can accompany his parents to the

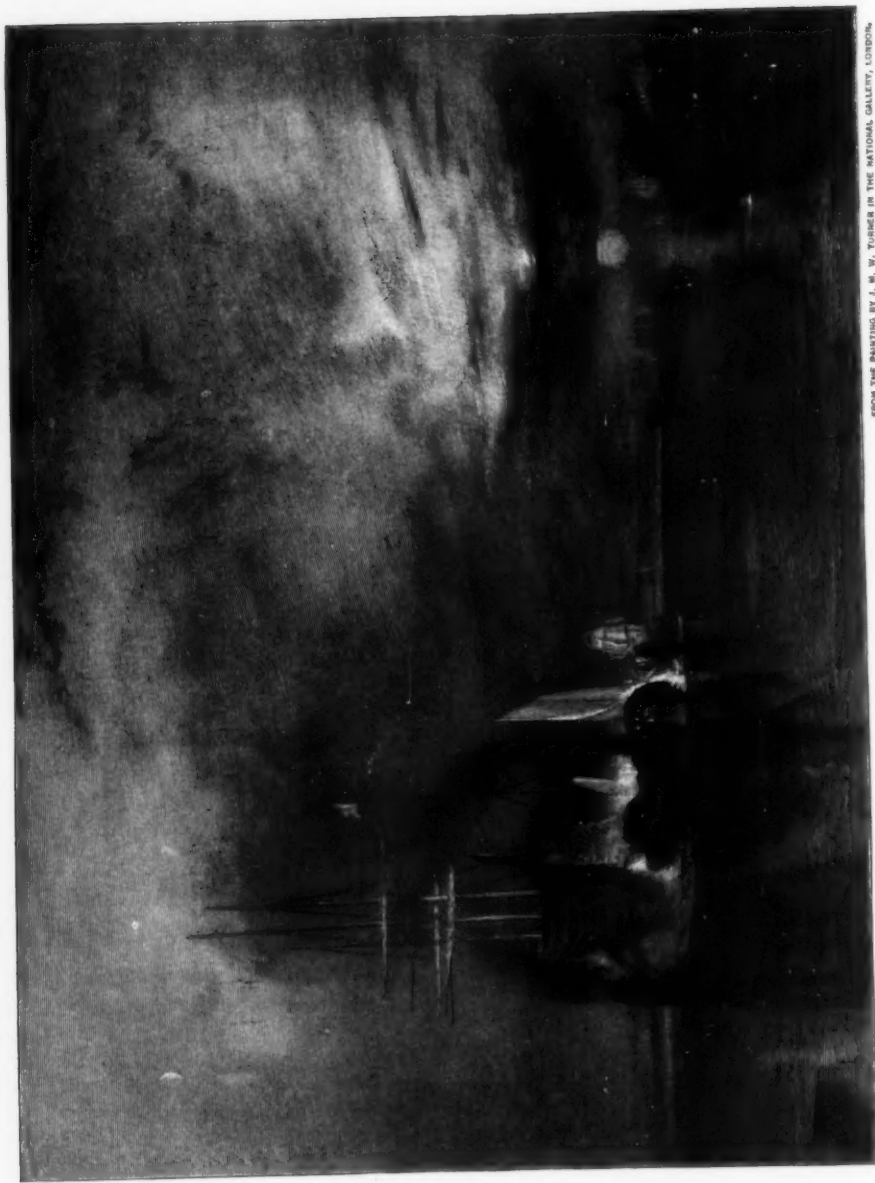
fishing-grounds. His wings have daily been growing stronger, and at last he can no longer resist the temptation to venture into the air. The immediate result is a humiliating tumble to the ground; but he now has more room for practice, and with a hop, skip, and a flop he makes brave attempts to mount skyward. Finally he succeeds, and the awkward pelicanling becomes a creature of power and grace, sailing away on broad pinions to join his elders.

With this wonderful gift of flight comes a complete change in the pelican's character and behavior. From a noisy, quarrelsome fledgeling, whose days were passed in screaming and squabbling, he is transformed into a bird who is so absolutely voiceless that I have never heard one utter a sound, nor do I know of any one who has; while in disposition he is so peaceful that, under the strongest provocation, he shows no desire even to protest.

Just what has influenced him, who can say? It is one of nature's mysteries—but let us hope that the same charm may be exerted on every noisy, quarrelsome creature.



"GOOD FISHING."



FROM THE PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON.

THE FIGHTING "TÉMÉRAIRE" TUGGED TO HER LAST BERTH TO BE BROKEN UP.

ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.

TURNER THE PAINTER.

BY SUSAN PRESTON MILLER.

IF, in the eighties of the last century, you had walked by the troubled waters flowing through Chelsea,—by no means a handsome part of London,—you might have come upon an unattractive boy named Joseph Mallord William Turner. His family was very poor, and the boy's big, dreamy eyes looked upon mean surroundings in his barber-shop home; and to keep the sidewalk swept and the shop windows clean was the boy's daily work. But he always noticed whatever was beautiful, and his mind was full of wonderful pictures. He would often run away from his tasks to draw pictures in the sand.

Unfortunately, one day the boy took one of his father's barber-brushes with which to paint a real picture. The next morning, when the barber began to lather a customer's face, instead of turning a snowy white it became a fiery red. All the poor barber's apologies and explanations availed nothing; the important patron left the shop and never returned.

After a time Joseph rose to the dignity of errand-boy for Mr. Raphael Smith, an engraver. One day, having been sent upon a most hurried errand, he happened to see a painting by Claude Lorraine, the celebrated artist whose landscapes seem almost lighted with real sunshine. He forgot errand, time, everything—but he found himself; and from that moment he had an aim. The engraver became aware of his errand-boy's gropings after art, and encouraged him in his efforts, allowing him to add the backgrounds and skies to the cheaper prints. When he was fourteen, a Dr. Munro made a protégé of young Turner, and secured his entrance at the Royal Academy as a student.

From the year 1790, when his first water-color was exhibited, his fortunes began to turn. The change came slowly. The young artist's

pictures were not popular; neither was he. He was too independent and too brusque, and besides, you know, he was a genius.

For twenty years Claude Lorraine was Turner's ideal, and his style of painting was influenced by this admiration. But in time the artist followed only his own ideas and methods of painting. Slowly he grew to be the fashion, and the rickety stairs to his studio were frequently climbed by ladies and gentlemen, while their carriages waited outside.

The price of his work increased, and it increased very strangely. If a customer said of a picture, "I do not want it," Turner would sometimes add to its price! For "Dido Building Carthage" he set the price at five hundred pounds (twenty-five hundred dollars). When critics said that this was too much, the charge jumped to a thousand pounds. Finally Sir Robert Peel wanted it, when the price had risen to five thousand pounds, but then the painter said: "No; I will keep it for myself!" And he did. This was one of his finest pictures, and he particularly loved it.

When Turner was sixty-five his genius shone out in its utmost splendor. Ruskin—the great critic, who first brought the public to appreciate Turner—could give no reason for this accession of glorious power.

Turner and Sir Walter Scott were good friends. They liked each other, but it seemed that neither man could understand or appreciate the other's art. Scott could not see why any one should want Turner's pictures. "As for your books," said Turner, "the covers of some are very pretty."

Though irritable, Turner was a kindly man, of a loving temper. In the Academy Exhibition in 1826 he had a most striking picture. Suddenly news was brought to him that the

picture was ruined. "Oh," said he to the friend, "don't say anything. I only smirched it with lamp-black. It was spoiling the effect of Lawrence's picture that hung next to it. The black will all wash off after the exhibition."

Then his treatment of his aged father was admirable. The old man modestly offered to represent himself as a servant in his son's establishment; but Turner would not dream of this, saying: "No; we fought the world together; and now that it seeks to do me honor, you shall share all the benefits." And the great artist never smiled when the little old man would whisper proudly to some visitor: "Yes, yes; Joseph is the greatest artist in England, and I am his father."

Turner had a way of sending ten-pound notes to poor, struggling artists. He tried not to be caught in this almsgiving; but such things do not often happen, and now and then his generosity was known.

In old age he was so much pursued for his charity and his fame that he hid himself, under the assumed name of "Mr. Booth," in the house

of a kind old woman living in another part of the great world of London. He appeared an old man of modest means, but without friends, whose business took him away each day from morning to night. He talked but little. One of the lodgers once asked him to go to an art exhibition. "No, no," he answered; "a man can show on canvas so little of what he feels, it is not worth the while."

Only when this "Mr. Booth" died was it first made known, by the coming in of his attorney, who and what he was.

Think how he must have worked! He left at his death seven hundred and twenty thousand dollars; and his will gave to the British nation nineteen hundred of his sketches and one hundred large paintings. Of the sketches alone there are more than enough for him to have made one every day for fifty years!

In the opinion of John Ruskin, the greatest landscape-painter that ever lived was Joseph Mallord William Turner—the same little fellow whose early days were passed as errand-boy in his father's dingy London barber-shop.



THE TRIO.

THE STORY OF BETTY.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

[This story was begun in the January number.]

CHAPTER XVII.

ANXIOUS HEARTS.

WHEN Betty and Jack did n't come home in time for dinner, Mrs. Kinsey was not much surprised. She knew the uncertainties that attend a sailing-party, and she told Ellen to be prepared for the arrival of the hungry young people at any hour.

"For," she said, "they may come early or they may come late, but they will certainly be hungry."

So all the afternoon Ellen waited in readiness to minister to the wants of two ravenous young savages, whom she expected momentarily to come bounding in and demanding food.

But they did not come; and as supper-time drew near, she transferred her attentions to the concocting of a hot supper that should include the favorite dishes of both.

About five o'clock Mrs. Van Court and Miss Margaret drove over to Denniston to see if Betty and Jack had come home yet. They frankly acknowledged they were worried about the sailing-party, for it was the first trip of the new boat, and she might have proved unseaworthy.

Mrs. Kinsey discussed the matter with her visitors, and, affected by their nervousness, she soon became frightened, too.

Pete was sent for, and his opinion was asked.

"No, mum," he said; "they ain't capsized, mum; they 're beca'med, that 's fwat they are. I 've been watchin' the wind all the afternoon, and there ain't none. That there boat is mosht likely settin' shtill in the wather an' refusin' to budge."

"Oh, *do* you think so?" said Mrs. Van Court, much relieved. "Do you think so?"

"I do, indade, mum; an' if a breeze comes up whin the sun goes down, they 'll come shpinnin' up the river in great shape, fer the tide is comin' in."

Having cheered up the three ladies by his hopefulness, Pete departed; but an hour or so later he went in search of Ellen, and to her he confided certain other fears.

"Ellen," he said, "if I 'm not mishtook, there 's a howlin' shtorm comin' up, an' I 'm fearin' fer thim childher. But, fwatsoever happens, we musht act as if we 're thinkin' they 're all safe, fer Mis' Kinsey is shcared shtiff now, an' if she gets woorse she 'll have high-strikes. She 'd kape cool enough if it was n't fer ould Mis' Van Court, who 's a-weepin' an' wailin' an' wringin' her hands till Mis' Kinsey is all worried up. Miss Margaret, now, she 's ca'm, but there 's no tellin' how soon she 'll get a-goin', too."

"Are they shtayin' here fer supper?" asked Ellen.

"Belikes they 'll have to, unless they go home purty quick; fer the clouds is a-getherin' an' the shtorm is comin' up mighty suddint. Look over ferninst."

Ellen looked, and, sure enough, masses of black clouds were rolling and tumbling over one another, each apparently in frantic haste to get to the zenith first.

Just then Norah came to the kitchen to say that the Van Court ladies would stay to supper.

"They 're takin' on awful," she said. "Mis' Kinsey an' Mis' Van Court is a-cryin' like anything; an' Miss Margaret she jist walks up an' down, an' her face is as white! An', Pete, they want to see you."

Pete went to the parlor prepared to say what he could for the good of all concerned.

"A shtorm, is it?" he said, in answer to Mrs. Van Court's query. "Well, yes, 'm—a capful of wind, jist. But thim folks is all

right. Whin Mr. Van Court sees the shtorm comin' he 'll put into port an' wait till it 's over, an' they 'll go to some hotel an' have a foine supper. On the wather, ye know, mum, they can see the shtorm whin it 's moiles away, an' they 'll have plinty av toime to reach shelter."

Pete's assured manner and general air of certainty carried conviction to the hearts of the

the river they 'd be home be now, fer they c'u'd have poled themselves up be the banks."

"The saints protect them!" muttered Ellen, as she took a pan of golden-brown biscuits from the oven; "an' I can't consaive why folks wants to go maunderin' around in a tipsy-topsy boat whin there 's dhry ground to shtay on."

Notwithstanding Pete's comforting assur-



"WHIN MR. VAN COURT SEES THE SHTORM COMIN' HE 'LL PUT INTO PORT," SAID PETE."

three frightened ladies, and they sat down to supper feeling quite sure that the absentees were comfortably sheltered in some convenient hotel which, though they did n't know it, existed only in Pete's imagination.

The voluble Irishman returned to Ellen to unburden himself of his fears.

"It 's a turrible shtorm comin', Ellen, an' that little tay-cup av a boat c'u'd niver live through a shquall on the Sound. An' on the Sound they musht be, fer if they 'd niver left

ances, the three ladies could n't help feeling that perhaps their loved ones were in danger, and they did but scant justice to Ellen's carefully prepared supper.

As they rose from the table, a low roll of thunder was heard; it was followed by a flash of lightning, and then suddenly the storm burst in all its fury. The wind blew a gale, and the rain came down in torrents. As crash after crash boomed above the house, Mrs. Van Court and Miss Margaret became more and

more frightened, until finally they lost their self-control and cried like children.

Mrs. Kinsey was calmer, partly because she was of a more reserved nature, and partly because, although she was very fond of Betty and Jack, they were not of her own kindred, and naturally she could not feel the same poignant grief as was felt by Mrs. Van Court and her daughter.

So she cheered up her guests all she could, and as the rain continued to fall, she invited them to remain at Denniston overnight.

They accepted the invitation; but it was nearly midnight before the three ladies persuaded one another to retire, each feeling sure that she could not sleep a wink.

"Yez may rist in peace," said Pete, who had been called to the parlor for a final consultation. "I 'm convincin' sure that thim childher an' the other lady an' gintlemin is shlapin' this minit on soft bids, an' all as is dishturbin' av their moinds is bec'us' they can't tellygraft yez from the hotel be rayson av the wires bein' bruk be the shtorm."

All this seemed reasonable, and Pete's audience were greatly impressed with his apparent wisdom and common sense, and they went to bed feeling sure that morning would bring good news of some kind from the absent ones.

Having done what he considered his duty to the hysterical ladies, Pete returned to the kitchen.

"Ellen, me jool," he said, "I 've been oratin' fairy-tales to the ladies ferninst, but me heart is talkin' anither way. I 'm sick wid the fear that they 're all dhrowned, an' I can't shtay contint in the house. So I 'm puttin' on me rubber coat, an' I 'm goin' down to the dock where the Pixie—bad cess to it!—sailed from. An' I 'll take Sydney wid me, an' we 'll shtay there till marnin'. An' do you shtay here an' kape the fire blazin', an' hot wather an' things all ready, fer they may be brought in anyway an' anyhow."

Ellen began to cry at this awful suggestion, and even sturdy Pete drew his sleeve across his eyes once or twice.

Then he put on his great boots and storm-

cap and -coat, and, whistling for Sydney, he went out into the dark, wet night. He had no fixed plan, and scarcely a hope of learning anything about the Pixie's fate, but he felt there were more opportunities out of doors than in. If he could but have seen the Pixie, tied to a skeleton dock, and bumping against it until her paint was sadly scratched and marred, he would have felt that, after all, there was some foundation for his fairy-stories, and that the party had really found shelter in one of those fine hotels which he had so vividly imagined.

But it was anything but a fine hotel in which the sailing-party found the light that Jack had first noticed glimmering through the darkness.

After a long walk across the wet and marshy meadows, they reached an old and somewhat dismal-looking house.

From one window came the flickering lamp-light which had seemed like a will-o'-the-wisp during their long walk toward it.

"There must be somebody living there," exclaimed Mr. Van Court, "and we 'll make the people take us in."

He knocked loudly at the door, and a gruff voice inside the house responded: "Who's there?"

"Some shipwrecked people," replied Mr. Dick; "please open your door."

"Got any dorgs?"

"No; but we 're very wet and cold, and the ladies are suffering. Please let us in."

"All right, I will, ef ye ain't got no dorgs. But my cat, 'Purty,' she 's tar'ble 'fraid of dorgs, so I hev to make sure."

And then the door opened, and they saw an old man with a shock of grizzled gray hair and a skin like tanned leather. He peered at them through his great iron-bowed spectacles.

"Wal, wal, ye are in a plight, ain't ye? Come in—come right in. Oh, my! oh, my! Huld—I say, Huld! Here 's some visitors. We 'll hev to look arter 'em. Huld!"

A pleasant-faced woman entered from the next room.

"Well, ye be wet! I should say so; es wet es drowned rats. Deary me! Come

right out to the kitchen. Ye 'll spile this carpet—ye drip so."

They followed her to the kitchen, and gladly sought the warmth from the cook-stove there.

"It 's lucky I kep' up that fire," said their hostess, bustling about. "Now, le' me see; what kin I give you ladies fer clo'es? Mine would n't be no good to you. Say, father, shall we give 'em some out o' the trunk?"

"Yes," said the old man; "let the ladies go right up in the kitchen bedroom, and I 'll fetch the trunk there, and they can help themselves."

Miss Grace and Betty, feeling that they were about to be made comfortable at last, followed the old woman upstairs and into a small bedroom just over the kitchen, which was dry and warm.

In a few moments the old man came, dragging a fair-sized trunk, which he brought into the room and then threw open the lid.

"Thar," he said; "look arter 'em, mother; do all ye kin fer 'em; and I 'll go below and try and fit out the men with dry toggery. Wish we had a trunkful o' duds fer them, too. But we 'a'n't. Make yerselves to home, ladies; yer welcome to anything we kin give yer. Ross is my name,—Jim Ross,—and I 'm jist a plain, or'nary man; but Huldy, my wife thar, *she* 's a angel in disguise."

The disguise was complete, for no one could look less like an angel than Mrs. Ross did. But her beaming smile of welcome and her truly kind and hospitable manner made her much more attractive to her guests than one more closely resembling an angel would have been.

"Now," she said, after she had provided them with all the comforts at her command, "now jest pick out whatever clo'es ye like from that 'ere trunk, and when yer fixed, come on downstairs, and I 'll hev somethin' fer ye to eat."

She shuffled away, and they soon heard her clattering around in the kitchen below.

"Why, Miss Grace," said Betty, presently, "just look at the clothes in this trunk. What lovely dresses! How do you suppose these people came to have such pretty things?"

Sure enough, the trunk was filled with dainty and costly clothing of all kinds.

"They are lovely," said Miss Grace, examining them; "and see, Betty, all of the dresses are white. How very odd! Here is a white cashmere; I think I 'll put this on."

"Do, Miss Grace, dear; it 'll become you most beautifully. I think I 'll wear this white China silk; but it 's too long for me."

"Never mind, Betty; don't try to shorten it. Wear it as it is, and I 'll do up your hair, and you can masquerade as a young lady, for one night only."

Betty thought this great fun, and sat quite still while Miss Grace bunched the black curls into a graceful knot on top of her head and fastened them there with a high tortoise-shell comb which they found in the wonderful trunk.

And then, when Betty had put on the white silk dress, which fitted fairly well, and was very becoming, she looked like a charming young lady all ready for her first ball. Miss Grace looked like another snow-drift in the white cashmere, which she somehow arranged to fit her; and then, though they found plenty of fine white stockings in the trunk, there were no shoes of any kind. Their own wet boots were out of the question, so there was nothing to do but go downstairs in their white-stockinged feet, which they hoped the long dresses would hide from view. A shout of admiration greeted them as they entered the room, and Jack exclaimed:

"My eye, Betty! you 're a stunner in grown-up clothes."

Mr. Van Court, too, looked at Betty as if he had never seen her before, and begged Grace for an introduction to her new friend.

But if the women looked well, the same could not be said of the men. Mr. Ross had done his best for them, but his wardrobe was scantily furnished.

He had given Mr. Brewster his best Sunday suit, and very odd that fine gentleman looked in the country-cut clothes. An old fisherman's suit did very well for Jack; but this exhausted Mr. Ross's stock entirely, save for a pair of overalls and a brilliantly flowered

dressing-gown. However, Mr. Dick avowed himself well satisfied with these, and wore them with a jaunty air that greatly pleased his host, who declared that he "did n't know that old gown did set so well."

The room in which they were assembled was the one they had first entered, and seemed to be dining-room, parlor, and general living-room all in one.

Mrs. Ross came bustling in from the kitchen with a huge dish of poached eggs and a platter of hot biscuit.

"There," she said; "I 'lowed them was the best things I could cook quick for you; an' now do all set down an' eat, for you must be holler. To think of nothin' to eat sence breakfast! Land, who 's that?" She looked at Betty in blank amazement. "My, what a start you give me! I thought you was Lallowet."

"Lallowet!" shouted Mr. Ross. "That 's it. I 've be'n tryin' to think who it was the little gal looked like, all fixed up in them clo'es. It 's Lallowet fer sure."

Betty felt a mild curiosity to know who or what "Lallowet" might be; but hunger was a far stronger sensation just then, and as she sat down at the table her only wonderment was whether there were any more eggs and biscuit in the kitchen.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FRIENDLY SHELTER.

"Eat away, eat away," said old Mr. Ross, heartily; "it doos me good to see ye eat. Nothin' sence mornin'! My! Wife, ain't ye got some cake to set out?"

"Yes, I hev," said Mrs. Ross, coming in at that moment with a large loaf of plum-cake; "and some canned peaches, too, thet ain't be'n sealed up more 'n a week."

Betty clapped her hands in glee, for she was still hungry, and she loved plum-cake.

"Eat away, little gal," said the old man, "though you seem to hev growed up to be a lady all of a suddint, with yer curls piled up into a waterfall. Mother—I say, mother, don't she look like Lallowet now?"

"No, Jim, she don't. It 's jest the dress

and that comb as makes it seem so. Lallowet had ripply gold hair and blue eyes."

"So she did, m'other, so she did; but all the same, little miss reminds me of her. I s'pose it 's the dress—hey, Purty?"

The old man sat at the head of his table, and on the arm of his chair sat a huge white cat, whom he stroked and petted continually, and to whom he referred any puzzling questions.

The wise-looking animal responded by a prolonged purr.

"That 's a fine cat you have," remarked Miss Grace, pleasantly.

"Purty? Yes, ma'am; she 's a great cat. We could n't keep house 'thout Purty. She 's allers lively and pleasant, and it makes it cheery for us two lone old critters to have her round."

"Do you live all alone, you and Mrs. Ross?"

"Wal, yes, 'm, we do now. But we 're goin' out to Chicago soon, to live with my son's folks. He says we 're too lonely here in the winter-time, and I guess we be. We useter have neighbors, but they all moved away or burnt down, and now we 're alone here, 'ceptin' the cat. But you 're as good as folks, ain't you, Purty?"

The cat purred, and the old man went on:

"We useter take summer boarders, and they was a heap of comp'ny. What with gettin' ready for 'em and clearin' up after 'em, they lasted e'en a'most the hull year round. Purty liked them boarders—hey, Purty?"

"But she does n't like dogs?" asked Betty.

"No, miss; she was skeered by a dorg onct when she was a little kitten, and she ain't never got over it. And so I try to keep dorgs away from her. It 's the least I can do for her—and she so fond of me—ain't you, Purty?"

The cat rubbed lovingly against her old master, and seemed to understand the whole conversation.

"Knowin'est cat ever was," said Mrs. Ross. "Lallowet use ter say she was a real human bein'—a princess, like as not—laid under a spell and enchanted into a cat."

"And who is this wonderful Lallowet?" inquired Mr. Van Court.

"Oh, she was one of our summer boarders," replied Mr. Ross. "We never had but three, and they came every summer for six years. But they did n't come last year, nor this, and I don't know what's gone with 'em. Lallowet she was a beautiful lady, and it's her clo'es you two ladies is now appearin' in. That trunkful of white clo'es is all hern; she left 'em here, sayin' she'd send for 'em, but she never did."

"Did n't she have any other name but Lallowet?" said Betty, quite interested in the owner of such beautiful dresses.

"Yes, miss, I s'pose she did, but I don't know what it was. Her father and mother was always with her, but they called her jest 'Lallowet.' Their names was Irving,—Mr. and Mrs. Irving,—and they was the nicest people ever trod shoe-leather. For six years, reg'lar, they come down here and stayed all summer. Liked the quiet, they said, and land sakes! it was quiet enough. They liked Purty, too, and she liked them. Useter tag round after 'em all the time. Thet trunk ain't never be'n opened sence she left it—'cept now and then wife's looked over the clo'es, fearin' of moth or mildew."

"Did Lallowet always wear white dresses?" asked Betty.

"In the house she did," said Mrs. Ross, "but when she'd be comin' or goin' home she wore a black or black-and-white dress. Had n't no taste for colors at all. And maybe she was in mournin'—I don't know. I never asked her, for she was a quiet little lady, not given to talkin'. But she could sing. My! how she *could* sing. Sometimes she'd take off her collar, as if it kep' the songs back, and then she'd jest fairly yell."

"Very interesting person," remarked Mr. Van Court. "Remember, Popinjay, when you learn to sing you must take your collar off."

"You'd better sing now, then," said Betty, roughly, "for you have n't any collar on."

"That only shows how adaptable to circumstances I am," said Mr. Dick, calmly. "I had quite forgotten that my costume

lacked a few finishing touches. But you'll be ill if you adapt yourself to any more of Mrs. Ross's plum-cake. Take it away, Mrs. Ross; she's only a little girl, if she is wearing a trailing dress and a high-heeled comb."

"Bless the lamb, let her have all she wants," replied the kind-hearted hostess; "but I think she looks clean tuckered out, and she ought to be abed and asleep this minute."

"No, I'm not sleepy," said Betty, "but I'm wondering what Grandma Jean will think has become of us."

"That's worrying me, too," said Miss Grace.

"There's no use worrying about it," said Richard Van Court, "for there's no possible way to send them word to-night. Of course they're anxious—I suppose mother and Margaret are just about wild. But I hope they'll think we've landed somewhere to wait until the storm is over."

"How far is it to Greenborough?" asked Jack; and Mr. Ross replied:

"It's about six miles by the wagon-road, and to walk it across the medders it's about four. But, land sakes! of course you can't do nothin' to-night. To-morrow mornin' I would hitch up my horse to the old carryall, and jog along up; but he's gone lame, and I don't see how I can. I could n't tote you all at once, anyhow. But you can go back in your boat, can't you?"

"I don't want to go in the boat," said Miss Grace, with a little shudder. "I've had enough of the Pixie for one while."

"The Pixie's all right," said her brother. "She behaved beautifully, and carried us safely through the storm."

"Yes, I know it," said Grace, "but I don't want to go home in her; I'd rather ride on land."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Brewster.

Then Mrs. Ross brought candles, and escorted Grace and Betty up to the kitchen bedroom again.

"I'm sorry to put you ladies in here to sleep," she said. "It is n't the finest place in the world, but it's warm and dry, and the best bedrooms ain't been opened, to speak

of, in two years, and I'm afraid they'd give you the creeps."

Miss Grace declared the room was cozy and pleasant, and quite large enough, and she was sure she and Betty were so tired they could sleep anywhere.

And soon each member of the shipwrecked party had forgotten the day of discomfort in a night of pleasant dreams.

DEAR BETTY: I am going to walk home so grandma and Mr. Dick's folks won't worry. I would have told you last night, only I knew you would think it too long a walk for me; but it is n't. I'll send the carriage back for the rest of you. Wait for it.

Yours truly,

JACK.

Then he carefully and noiselessly opened a window and climbed out, and was soon trudging over the salt meadows toward Green-



"MY EYE, BETTY! YOU'RE A STUNNER IN GROWN-UP CLOTHES," EXCLAIMED JACK."

Very early in the morning, Jack, who had slept on the sofa in the living-room, opened his eyes with a start.

At first he could n't think where he was. Then suddenly he remembered, and then he lay there thinking. As a result of his thoughts he rose very softly and dressed himself in the old fisherman's suit that Mr. Ross had lent him.

The sun was just about to rise, and by its dawning light Jack hunted about for a lead-pencil. Then, finding a bit of paper, he wrote rather hastily the following note:

borough. And that's how it happened that just as Grandma Jean threw open her shutters she saw Jack slowly making his way toward the house.

"They're drowned!" she cried out. "Oh, I knew they would be!" And then she went downstairs as fast as she could and opened the front door.

Jack came up the steps, and fell into the hammock.

"They're all right, grandma," he said, "and I'm all right; every one's safe, and so is the Pixie; only—it was a long walk."

"Poor boy!" said grandma; and then, being a sensible lady, she asked no more questions until Jack had rested a few minutes. She went and told Ellen, who was rejoiced at the good news, and delighted to find her ministrations were to be of use at last.

They quickly prepared a hot bath and a hot breakfast for the "shipwrecked mariner," and when Grandma Jean went back to him he was telling Pete all about it, and directing him to send the carriage after Betty. Almost before Jack had finished speaking, Pete had whistled for Barney, who harnessed the horses in short order, and then Pete himself jumped to the box and took the reins. Although tired from his long night watch, he would allow no one else to go for his beloved Miss Betty.

"Tell the Van Coort leddies that I'll be afther bringing back the whole party," he said, as he drove away.

Meantime Betty and Grace had awakened, and were wondering if their storm-drenched garments had yet become wearable, when there was a gentle rap at their door, and Mrs. Ross entered the room.

"It doos seem," she said, "as if them dresses of yourn would n't never get dry. The cloth is so thick and the gethers is so full that they're all damp through yet, and it would be flyin' in the face of Providence for you to put 'em on."

Betty laughed with glee.

"I'm glad of it," she said. "I'll wear the pretty white silk dress home. There's a lovely embroidered collar in the trunk that will make it high-necked."

"Yes, do, my lamb," said Mrs. Ross, smiling back into Betty's bright eyes; "and you can have that frock to keep, seein' 's you like it so much. I don't suppose poor Lallowet 'll ever claim it, and if she should, I'll make it all right with her. I know she'd be glad to give it to you—she's that kind-hearted."

Betty was delighted, and jumped out of bed to dress and to array herself in the pretty grown-up gown.

Then she danced downstairs to find Jack, and of course found his note instead.

"That dear old Jack!" she exclaimed. "He's walked all the way to Denniston so that I can have a comfortable ride home."

"Bless the boy!" cried Mrs. Ross; "and he had n't no breakfast, neither."

"Oh, he'll get along," said Mr. Dick. "He tucked away supper enough for two, and when he gets to Denniston they'll kill a whole drove of fatted calves for him. But it was good of him to go. Now, Grace, you won't have to go home in the boat."

"No," said Miss Grace, with a contented smile; "and I'm very glad. I suppose the carriage will be here soon."

"Then come to breakfast right away," sang out Mr. Ross. "My! I wish we had a big family like this all the time. It's right-down gay—hey, Purty?"

The cat purred assentingly, and jumped up on the arm of the chair in which Mr. Ross had seated himself.

Soon after they had finished the homely, hearty meal, the Denniston carriage drove up to the house. Betty flew to the door and opened it.

"Hello, Pete," she called out. "Did you come for us? Here we are."

"The saints be praised, Miss Betty, darlint! And are ye all alive and well this blissid marnin'? I'm thot glad, I can't tell ye! Shure, ye look like a white angel! And will yez be afther goin' home now?"

"Yes, Pete; we'll be ready in a few minutes. Was grandma worried? What did Polly say? This is Mr. Ross, who so kindly took us in for the night."

The old farmer hobnobbed with Pete in a friendly manner while his guests prepared for their ride home.

Grandma Jean had sent a warm cloak for Betty, and she bundled herself into it, and so protected the pretty white dress from possible harm. Soon they were ready; and after expressing their heartfelt thanks to the old farmer and his wife, which Mr. Dick supplemented by a more substantial recognition, they drove back to Denniston.

Then there was great rejoicing. The Van Court people all stayed to dinner, and everybody told the story of the storm, and every-

body else listened, and sympathized. And although Betty's thankful little heart was as glad as the others that they were all safe home again, yet she felt a certain sadness which she could n't have explained if she had been asked to. It was a vague feeling of disappointment—the old longing for some one who belonged to her without being "bought."

This sensation was only a fleeting one, for Betty was a merry little girl, and had a happy faculty for making the best of everything.

But that night, in her room, she talked longer than usual to her blue pillow.

You know, when one feels bad, either mentally or physically, there is nothing so comforting as a pillow; and Betty's favorite was one of her couch pillows—a particularly big, fluffy, downy one, covered with blue-and-white silk. She would often fling herself on the couch and bury her head in this pillow and talk to it as to a friend.

"Oh, Pillow," she said, as she put her arms round it and laid her cheek against its softness, "are *you* glad I did n't get drowned?

I 'm awful glad to get back to you, anyway. Suppose I had always to sleep in that kitchen bedroom of Mrs. Ross's! I 'm glad to be again in my own dear room, so full of things of beauty and joys forever. Oh, I 've everything to be thankful for, and yet—I seem to miss something. Do you hear, Pillow? Wake up, you stupid old thing, and listen to me. There 's just a little *something*—I don't know what—that keeps my beautiful home from being a perfect success. But, as everything else is all right, the fault must be in me, and I 'm going to overcome it. So there, now!"

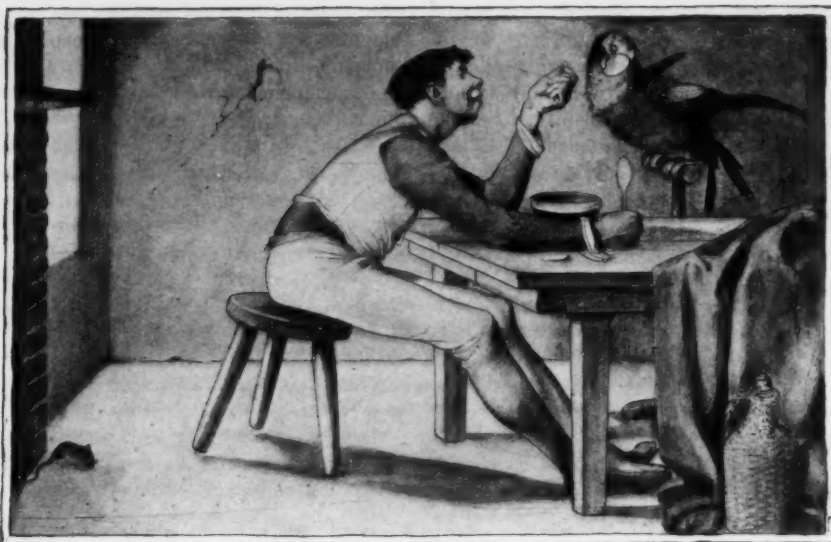
She gave poor Pillow a vigorous thump, and then patted it gently to make up. "Only, Pillow, I 'll whisper to you just one thing: if Mr. Morris writes me anything about my really truly family, I 'm going to hunt them up, if it takes all my money!"

Then she went to bed, and dreamed that Mr. Morris wrote her that she had a dozen sisters and a dozen brothers, and that all were coming to live with her at Denniston.

(To be concluded.)



"THERE IS NOTHING SO COMFORTING AS A PILLOW."



"NICK OFTEN SHARED HIS CRUST WITH HER, WHEN CRUSTS TO SHARE WERE FEW."

WHY THE SEA IS SALT.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

THEY called him Silly Nicholas, the lanky
servant-lad,
But he served a mean old miser with all
the wit he had.
He served him well and faithfully, his old
poll-parrot, too,
And often shared his crust with her, when
crusts to share were few.
And, his year of service over, he bore them
no ill will,
Though he got for pay when he went away
only a coffee-mill—
An old, old mill with a handle that nobody
wanted to turn,
And a hopper that was cracked in two and
only fit to burn!

But Nicholas took it, laughing: "Who
knows but I may find
Some fine day in the morning the grist for
it to grind?"
So he tucked it into the bundle that he car-
ried on his back,

And went to seek his fortune like a peddler
with his pack.
The mean old miser chuckled, for it seemed
a clever trick
To save a whole year's wages by cheating
Silly Nick.
But the parrot (who was a witch, you
know) she chuckled grimly, too;
"I seem to think," she said, with a wink,
"that Nick has the best of you!"

"How so?" with a scowl he asked her.
She cackled back, "*How so?*
Run after Silly Nicholas, and maybe you
will know!
I hear him grinding at the mill you chose
to give away,
And it's grinding golden guineas for your
servant-lad to-day."
Up jumped the mean old miser, as angry
as he could be;
He called her a witch, and a rattlesnake,
and a buzzing bumblebee!

He said she was trying to cheat him; he threatened her with his stick.
But she only laughed and answered, "Run after Silly Nick!"

So he ran and ran with all his might; he ran uphill and down,
Till at last he overtook the boy a mile from London town.
He found him resting at noonday under a group of trees,
And the coffee-mill was grinding—not gold, but bread and cheese!
"Hi-yi!" the miser shouted; "what 's all this that I spy?"
"Ho! ho!" laughed Silly Nicholas; "you know about as much as I.
This is the mill you gave me—a shakly old machine,
But the very mischief 's in it, as sure as grass is green!

"Look you! I lay here resting when the sun was hot at noon,
And just to keep my courage up I hummed a silly tune;
Some silly words to fit it came from I don't know where:
'Who owns the mill may grind at will, and have enough to spare.'
So there, while I was singing, the thing began to grind,
But not at all the sort of grist one might expect to find.
As sure as I 'm a sinner, a crown-piece of pure gold,
Then three or four, and as many more bright guineas as it would hold
Came jingling down into my hat. And look at the funny thing!

I 've never a hat to cover my head, but I 've crowns enough for a king!
Ha! ha!" laughed Silly Nicholas—and he showed the tattered hat,

Which the golden crowns had broken down.
"Now what do you think of that?"

"I think—I think you 're a rascal!" the miser sputtered out;
"And you 've cheated your poor old master—oh, yes, beyond a doubt!
But come, now,"—and he changed his tone to wheedle the foolish lad,—
"A joke 's a joke, good Nicholas; but you never could be so bad
As to rob your aged master in this unchristian way,
And keep the mill that for pure good will I lent you just for a day."
"Hum! hum!" cried Silly Nicholas; "that story is rather queer!
You gave me the mill this morning to pay my wage for a year;



"RUN AFTER SILLY NICK!"

There was not a word, old master, of lending or borrowing.
But alack! if you want to take it back, you are welcome to the thing."

He tossed it over into his hands, and the miser grinned for joy;
 He said he had always thought the world of his honest servant-boy!
 But for fear his honest mind might change, he hurried away with the mill,
 And racked his bones over stocks and stones as he scrambled down the hill.

"Good riddance for bad rubbish!" cried Nick, with a merry laugh.

"I've got the best of the bargain, it seems to me, by half!

With a hatful of golden guineas, and a dinner of bread and cheese,

He may take the mill wherever he will, and I will take my ease."

So he took a nap to begin with, and then he marched along,

With many a cheery whistle and many a tuneful song;

And a farmer, hearing the honest voice that rang so loud and free,

Said, "Here is a lad that sings as he goes, and he is the lad for me."

He hired him for good money before the day was done,

And by and by our Nicholas became the farmer's son.

His guineas bought the farm for his own, and he lived a happy life,

With his flocks and herds, his flowers and birds, his children and his wife.

Meanwhile, the mean old miser, in his haste to get away

From the boy whom he had cheated so, contrived to go astray.

Instead of climbing as he should, uphill, he tumbled down,

And he never reached his home at all, but tramped to London town.

There, just for fear that Nicholas might find him out again,

He took a trip on a merchant-ship that was setting sail for Spain.

The coffee-mill he took, of course—like Mary's lamb, you know,

Whatever place the miser went, the mill was sure to go!

The sailors giped him for it, till, fretted in his mind,

He boasted angrily, one day, of what the mill could grind.

"You 'd laugh another way, you fools, if I should let you see."

At which the laughter rang again, and more provoked was he.

"Look here," the cook said, stirring the pea-soup in the pot,

"There 's no time like the present, so take the chance you 've got.

Just set your mill to grinding, and if it grinds some salt

To season my soup, then you can laugh, and put the rest in fault."

"That will I!" cried the miser, and began to hum the tune

That he caught from Silly Nicholas that summer afternoon.

At once the mill began to turn, the music to obey;

And when the miser whispered, "Some salt, good mill, I pray!"

The sailor-men stood wondering, for they saw, beyond a doubt,

The hopper fill, and a steady rill of shining salt flow out!

They clapped their hands and shouted; they cheered him long and loud;

And the old man shouted with them, for he was pleased and proud.

But the mill kept pouring, pouring its steady stream of salt,

Till the cook cried, "Ho! my friend, go slow; it 's time to call a halt.

You 've proved your case completely, but enough 's as good as a feast;

There 's good salt there, and some to spare—for a man-of-war, at least!

Heave to, and be quick about it!" But the miser could n't "heave to,"

For the mill ground on, regardless of all he could say or do.

The salt piled up around them till it almost reached their knees,

And the sailors raved at the miser like a swarm of angry bees!



"THE SALT PILED UP AROUND THEM TILL IT ALMOST REACHED THEIR KNEES,
AND THE SAILORS RAVED AT THE MISER LIKE A SWARM OF ANGRY BEES!"

If he had but said, "Good mill, be still
from grinding salt, I pray!"
Without the least objection it would have
stopped straightway;
But he had not taken the time to learn the
proper thing to say.
So the salt kept piling upward till it
spoiled the soup in the pot,
And this was more than the cook could
bear, cook's temper being hot.
"Confound the mill and its master!" with
a mighty rage cried he,
And he caught the thing by the handle, and
flung it into the sea.
Alack and alas for the miser! It sank with
a sullen splash,
And his dreams of golden treasure were
gone like a lightning-flash.
Never again would guineas come jingling
from the mill,
Nor bread and cheese—why, even for these
he would have been thankful still!

He tore his hair in his despair, and he
raved at the cook and all,
Till their anger rose to kicks and blows,
and there was a lively squall!

The miser got the worst of the fray, which
was only right, in the main,
And a melancholy man was he when he
landed at last in Spain.

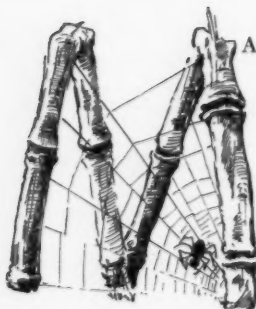
If he lived or died of his miseries upon
that alien shore,
No man can tell; but I know it well he
saw the mill no more.
It sank, and you know the reason now why
the sea is always salt;
For it grinds away without stopping, where
no one can call a halt.
It grinds out salt forever, for no one can
say it nay.
It has ground for years and years, you
see, and it 's grinding still to-day!



GOLF ON THE PRAIRIE.

WHAT DID N'T HAPPEN TO THOMAS.

BY HENRY WALLACE PHILLIPS.



ADAME ARACHNE had a beautiful suburban home between two corn-stalks in the garden-patch. It was made of the finest spider-silk, all woven and interwoven in so delicate a pattern that the most flimsy of lace

handkerchiefs would seem like a tennis-net in comparison.

While she was busily patching up a hole in the mesh, "Thomas," the cat, with tail erect, came walking down the rows of corn.

Before there was time to warn him, that tail had carried away half of her house.

She called to the destroyer: "Hey, there! If you please, Mr. Cat!"

Thomas paused, with acute ear slanted to catch the direction from which the small voice came.

"Mr. Cat," she continued, "would you mind lowering your tail when you go by here? This makes the third web you have spoiled for me this week."

Thomas turned his yellow eyes upon her, and fixed her with a supercilious stare. The idea of a garden spider giving him orders as to how he should carry his tail! He,—THOMAS,—the slayer of rats, the catcher of birds, the friend

and equal of "Max," the bull-terrier, to be commanded to do this or that by a little hairy spider! The thing was ridiculous.

"Ph'w't!" said he to Mrs. Arachne, and continued on his way, carrying both head and tail still more loftily, to show his opinion of her conduct.

His manner stung her to the quick. She sprang upon a projecting branch, quivering with indignation.

"Are you going to pay attention to what I said?" she hissed after the departing feline.

For answer Thomas turned and spat at her again.

Then did she prance right up and down in fury.

"You 'll be sorry, you old yellow bird-catcher! You 'll be sorry, now; see if you are n't! Max chased you up a tree yesterday, did n't he? Yah! Yah!" said she. But the cat had passed beyond the reach of her tiny voice, and her taunt was wasted.

Back to her home she scampered, her eight legs stumbling over one another in the haste of her rage.

There in the corner was the spider housekeeper, wrapped in slumber, and Mrs. Arachne shook her vigorously.

"Wake up! Wake up!" she cried.

"Hey? What?" said the other, affecting an air of being very wide awake. "What's the matter? Oh, yes; I know all about it. You need n't be so rough. I saw him flap his wings and get away. Did n't I tell you that you ought to have made that part of the web stronger?"

"Saw who?" asked Mrs. Arachne, sternly, forgetting her grammar in her earnestness.

"Why, that bluebottle fly," faltered the housekeeper.

"Now, see here, Sarah; there was n't any bluebottle fly, or any other kind of fly, and I don't want you to pretend that you were n't asleep."

"Yes, 'm," answered Sarah, seeing that the lady of the house was in no condition to stand any nonsense.

"All right! Just you sit there and I 'll tell you what happened" — whereupon she poured her woes into the housekeeper's ears.

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"H'm!" said Sarah, at the conclusion, with all the freedom of an old retainer; "I 'm glad it 's no worse. We shall let him alone in the future."

"We 'll do *what?*" asked Mrs. Arachne, bristling up.

"Anything you say," answered the housekeeper, hastily, with a deprecatory wave of a front leg.

"That 's more like it. Now I 'll tell you what we 'll do. You will start immediately for the corner of the fence, and tell my aunt I want her. Tell her to bring all her relatives and neighbors. Next go to the pine-tree, and rout out all the spiders that live there. Then to the grape-arbor, and stir up our friends. Pick up all of our kith and kin you meet on the way. Tell them to assemble under the kitchen steps at one this afternoon. That 's the time that villainous rat-hunter takes his afternoon nap.

"We 'll bind and snare and tie him fast — head, feet, tail, and whiskers. Oh, leave me to fix those whiskers! If I do not fasten them so that even a blink will make the tears run down his face, then I hope some wasp may catch me! Now fly, Sarah!"

And Sarah flew.

That afternoon at one o'clock Thomas slept, stretched at ease upon his side.

Now, if sleep in a man be compared to a heavy curtain, which almost completely shuts out the sounds and sights of the active world, then is a cat's sleep like a film of spider-silk, or a sheet of thinnest vapor, through which perceptible things freely filter.

As lightly as Kitty's paw presses on the grasses, so lightly does Kitty's slumber press upon her brain. Yet with such a deft and delicate touch did the enemies of this cat work that they pursued their evil plan toward him undisturbed.

They stretched their snares across his body in all directions until the lines were woven into a fabric.

Mrs. Arachne took the binding of the whiskers as her particular pleasure. Her performance was a marvel of dexterity. She attached the threads with such matchless skill that no warning touch startled Thomas's sleeping brain.

The busy little troop worked with the fierce energy that vengeance inspires, and the task was soon completed to the leader's satisfaction.

Then they withdrew to the railing of the kitchen porch, upon which they formed in line and waved their front legs in exultation.

Mrs. Arachne was one quivering ball of triumph. She danced and pranced with glee.

Then the cook came to the kitchen door with a saucer of milk in her hand.

At this the spiders began a triumphant march up and down the rail.

"Hooray!" said they to themselves. "No milk for the yellow rat-catcher to-day."

"I wonder where that cat can be?" said the cook. "I guess I'd better call him."

The spiders rushed to the edge of the rail, and craned their little heads over so that they could enjoy to the full the struggles of their enemy.

"Puss! Puss! Puss!" the cook called.

"Pr-r-r-me-aow!" answered Thomas, leaping to his feet.

He never noticed that he had been bound! All those lines might have been as imaginary as the equator, so far as he was concerned.

The company of spiders took one look at this humiliating spectacle, and then—save two—skedaddled off home as fast as their legs could carry them, breathing maledictions on the head of their leader.

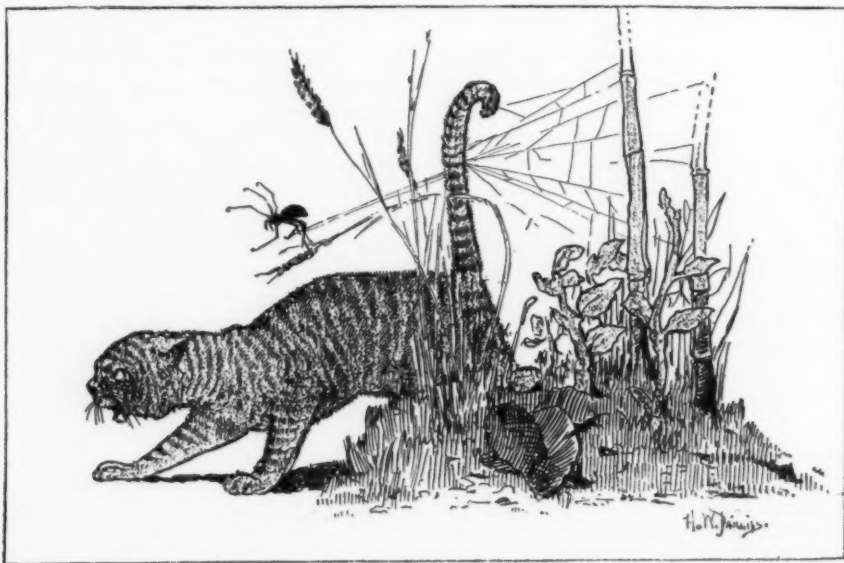
Poor Mrs. Arachne, with Sarah, stood apparently rooted to the spot. The horrid surprise had rendered her incapable of motion.

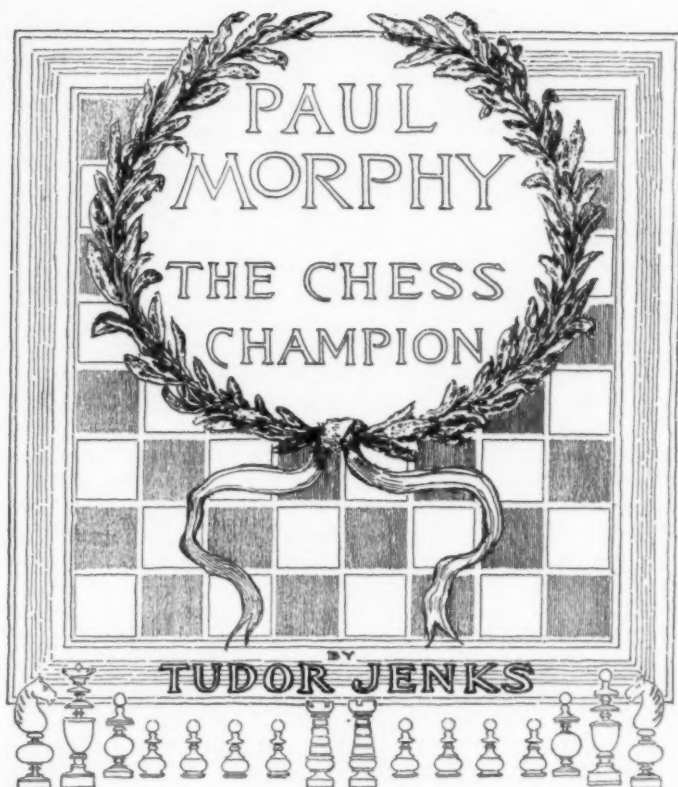
"Did n't I *tell* you to let him alone?" said Sarah, bitterly. "But no; that would n't do. You had to have your way, of course. And it's turned out finely—oh, so lovely! I think I'll get another situation."

At this the temper of the sorely tried leader gave way. She walked up to Sarah and gave her such a glare that the housekeeper fairly shriveled with fright.

"Now," said Mrs. Arachne very slowly, and with every mark of meaning what she said, "understand me. If you ever so much as mention this again, I'll *eat* you! Home with you!"

Away went Sarah at her best speed, and the head of the house followed slowly, her countenance wearing much the same expression as that of Napoleon at St. Helena.





THE greatest of chess-players was yet a boy when, having easily won the championship of America, he crossed the ocean to meet the experts of the Old World.

Before the end of his twenty-first year he returned in triumph, having defeated all who ventured to meet him on even terms, and having in vain offered a challenge to meet any player at odds.

When, in 1858, the American chess-players wrote to the holder of the championship, the Englishman Howard Staunton, and invited him to visit America and play their boy champion, Paul Morphy of New Orleans, foreign chess-players were amused. To them this bold young player seemed a new Ivanhoe, advancing to strike his lance-point against the shield of the veteran Brian de Bois Gilbert.

While their feeling was partly amusement, it was partly irritation. Staunton printed a brief note in a London paper, for which he edited a chess column, saying that if Mr. Morphy were "desirous to win his spurs among the chess chivalry of Europe," he must cross the ocean and enter the lists.

The Americans had confidence in the young player, and raised money to pay his expenses. They had learned of his exploits from Paulsen, a noted chess-player of Iowa, and had seen Paulsen's prediction—that Morphy would win the American tournament—more than fulfilled. Before that contest little was known about the Louisiana boy.

Morphy's grandfather was Spanish, a native of Madrid who had emigrated to the United States.* Paul's father was a successful lawyer,

* The facts herein are based mainly upon a book published by D. Appleton & Co. in 1859, entitled "The Exploits and Triumphs of Paul Morphy," by Frederick Milns Edge, Morphy's chess-secretary in Europe.

and became a judge. As some unknown rhymester put it:

To teach the young Paul chess
His leisure he 'd employ,
Until, at last, the old man
Was beaten by the boy.

Paul learned chess at ten years of age, and by the time he was thirteen he was winning many games from the strongest players of his own city, among whom were Ernest Rousseau, his uncle, and Judge Meek of Alabama, both known as unusually skilled in the game. When the little player was twelve, Mr. Löwenthal, a celebrated champion, came to visit Judge Morphy, and was glad to test the skill of the infant phenomenon. They played three games. Paul won two, and the grown-up expert could secure only a *draw* game.

But Paul did not care to be a professional player. He went to school and college until he was eighteen, and played chess only as an amusement, until there was a tournament held in New York during 1857. Paulsen was one of the contestants, and he told all the players that the youngster from the South would easily win the first prize. No doubt this seemed an extravagant statement.

But, like a tiny Julius Cæsar, Paul came, played, and conquered. No one could stand against him. Judge Meek, a very large man, is said to have remarked jokingly to Morphy: "If you keep on mating me without giving me a chance, I'll put you in my pocket!"

It was Morphy first, and the rest nowhere. Morphy lost only one game in the tournament, and his admirer Paulsen came second. Mr. Paulsen at once declared his faith that this new chess champion was the greatest the world had seen. "If Anderssen and Staunton [the greatest of foreign players] were here they would stand no chance," said he; "and Morphy would beat Philidor and Labourdonnais, too, if they were alive"—thus naming the best two living players, and the best two of the early masters of the game. And Paulsen was a good judge, for afterward Morphy said of him: "Paulsen never makes an oversight. I sometimes do."

Having won the American championship so easily, Morphy offered to give odds to any of

the defeated players, or to any American; but none dared accept the challenge.

Then it was resolved to try the players of the Old World, as has been told. Rumors of Morphy's skill were in the air abroad, but the foreign clubs were very skeptical. They argued, reasonably enough, that their players were not like those of the newer country; that Morphy would find his match if he dared encounter the members of the English, German, French, or Austrian chess clubs. Besides, said they, chess was not a game that could be picked up and guessed out: it required years of experience and study. How could a boy, just out of school, have learned all the wisdom of the ages, as handed down in the games of European masters? The idea was absurd! The Americans were enthusiastic, foolish!

But Morphy's friends wished him to go, and he had intended to make a European tour anyway. So he took his departure in the summer of 1858, and landed in England not in the best of health. Besides being otherwise ill, Morphy had been seasick.

Upon his appearance at the St. George's Chess Club, Morphy began by beating the club's secretary two informal games. When Mr. Staunton, the champion, arrived, Morphy proposed an offhand game; but the older player declined. Morphy then played a well-known veteran of the board, who went by the name "Alter" (the Rev. J. Owen), and won four games out of five.

The next Englishman, Mr. Barnes, was a player not of the first rank, and yet he and Morphy seemed equally matched for a time. They won game for game until each had scored six or seven. The English began to shake their heads wisely. "Aha!" they exclaimed; "what did we tell you? Here is only an ordinarily strong amateur, and yet Morphy can't beat him!" But after a few days Morphy seemed to recover from his seasickness, or whatever it was, and he beat Mr. Barnes about a dozen games straight, the final score being 19 to 7. This awakened the English chess world to the nature of their young antagonist.

Mr. Löwenthal was in London, and he resolved to challenge Morphy in order to

show that the old score, made when Morphy was only a child, was not a real test of the Hungarian's skill. The match began, and Löwenthal said afterward: "During the first game I thought, 'Morphy is not so terrible, after all'; during the second I was equally

Young Morphy had said he could give the clergyman a pawn and the move, and yet beat him. Now, Alter usually played the champion Staunton at these odds, and he had thought that since Staunton could not beat him, Morphy could n't. But after the match

was over Morphy had won five, Alter none.

It would be wearisome to recount this same story over and over. Morphy played Boden, considered next in rank to Staunton, and Bird, chosen as "just the man to beat Morphy," because he played the same vigorous, slashing game; and the score was 5 to 1 against Boden, and 10 to 1 against Bird, who, by the way, is still playing excellent and brilliant chess. Morphy and Barnes then played twice in consultation against Staunton and Alter, and won both games.

The English tournament at Birmingham now began; but Morphy did not play, because of his vain attempts to bring Staunton to a match. Staunton made excuses, postponed the matter, and, for one reason or another, declared he could not play. So Morphy did not enter the tournament, fearing that games against Staunton in the tournament would prevent a match with him. If Morphy lost Staunton could say, "I have already beaten him"; if Morphy won

confident; but when the third game began I felt myself in a grasp against which it was vain to struggle."

The match ended by Morphy's winning nine games to three, three being drawn.

Next came other games with Alter.

Staunton could say, "I am not in good condition, and will not risk a match." Much good ink and paper has been wasted upon the question why Staunton and Morphy did not reach a match; but it seems sufficient to say that Morphy was always eager to play, and



DRAWN BY OTTO BACHER, FROM A STEEL ENGRAVING, BY PERMISSION OF GEORGE BELL & SONS, LONDON.

that Staunton, for one reason or another, avoided a match.

The Birmingham tournament was won by Löwenthal, who beat Staunton *twice*. So it may be argued that Morphy was more than a match for the English champions.

Morphy's career in England included a victory over Kipping, a player who had made an especial study of the chess-opening known as the "Evans gambit." Kipping played his specialty; Morphy won. Then Morphy played the Kipping specialty against Kipping, and Morphy won again. Then, as a "grand finale," Morphy played eight games at once—without seeing any of the boards, and carrying all the moves only in his memory—against the stronger English players, and won six, losing only one, and drawing one. This was his last exploit in England; for, having again challenged Staunton to a match, and being again refused, Morphy decided to invade Europe.

Arriving in France, the custom-house officials objected to Morphy's traveling with an American passport, because he spoke French too well; and a long explanation was necessary to convince them that to a native of New Orleans French was almost a mother-tongue.

The resort of France's chess champions was the Café de la Régence, and Paul Morphy soon appeared there. His first games were won without trouble, and the Frenchmen at once hoped that they had found some one to beat Harrwitz, the strongest and meanest player of that circle. Harrwitz was a professional, who played in a bullying, disagreeable manner, and was much disliked. He was a Prussian who did nothing but play chess, and was considered conceited and overbearing.

One Saturday Harrwitz appeared, and was at once invited by Paul to try a match. Harrwitz gave no clear answer, but proposed an offhand game.

The game was played at once. Morphy seemed excited, made a blunder, and lost, but made so good a fight that the struggle was twice as long as the usual game. Harrwitz was delighted by the victory, and a match was readily arranged.

Harrwitz won the first game, and made light of the young player. On the second day

Harrwitz won again, thus having won all three games he had played against the new-comer.

Naturally, Harrwitz was elated, and he showed his contempt for Morphy so unpleasantly that the Frenchmen were angry. Mr. Morphy's secretary told them to be of good cheer. "Mark my words," said he; "Mr. Harrwitz will be as quiet as a lamb before the end of next week."

Though the spectators were uneasy, Morphy was not. As he left the café he said to his secretary: "How astonished all these men will be if Harrwitz does not get another game!"

Third game of the match: Morphy won.

Fourth game: Morphy won.

Fifth game: Morphy won again, and then Harrwitz asked for a few days' rest, after which the match proceeded.

Sixth game: Morphy won, and the score stood: Morphy, 4; Harrwitz, 2.

Then came another rest for Mr. Harrwitz, during which Morphy again played eight games blindfold. For ten hours the play proceeded, and Morphy won six, and the two others were drawn games; whereupon the enthusiastic Frenchmen carried Paul out into the street, cheering him wildly, for all the world as if it had been a football match.

Promptly the next day Harrwitz wished to go on; and Morphy, though tired and feverish, gladly consented to proceed after only one day's interval. Again they met over the checkered board, and Morphy made an oversight, lost a piece, and saved himself from defeat only by most skilful play, the game being drawn.

One more game was played, and Mr. Harrwitz lost it, whereupon the Prussian player sent word that he resigned the match "on account of ill health"!

There now remained only one great player to meet Morphy. He, too, was a Prussian, but of a type different from that of Harrwitz. As winner of the last international tournament, he was worthy even of Paul Morphy's skill.

When Anderssen arrived in Paris, Paul was ill in bed, and while waiting for his recovery Anderssen played with Harrwitz. The result of this match between the Prussian players was all in favor of Anderssen, who won three games

out of six, two being drawn, and Harrwitz securing but one.

When Morphy was able to sit up the match with Anderssen began. Morphy lost the first game—a hard fight—after seventy moves. The next day the two champions played a drawn game; but on the third day Morphy won twice without difficulty. The fifth, sixth, and seventh games also went to Morphy, making five in succession. After another drawn game, Morphy won the ninth game in seventeen moves, while to win the tenth Anderssen needed over seventy moves, which the old man said was natural, considering their ages!

The next game gave Morphy the match, the score being 7 to 2, with two drawn.

When the French players told Anderssen he ought to have won some of the games, the gentlemanly old player smiled and said, "Tell that to Morphy!" and when others told him he had not played so strong a game against Morphy as against another player, he replied: "No; Morphy won't let me!" In short, he took his defeat like a true gentleman, saying: "It is impossible to play better chess than Mr. Morphy." Then in six off-hand games Morphy beat Anderssen five to one.

Morphy now challenged Harrwitz to play, offering to give him odds; but Harrwitz would not accept. Paul Morphy next played a sort of friendly match with the president of the London Chess Club, and, after one drawn game, won seven in succession.

Having thus scored a victory like that of Admiral Dewey at Manila, Morphy played no more serious matches. The rest of his tour abroad was merely one of triumph and sight-seeing. At a banquet given to him in Paris, his bust was crowned with laurel, and everywhere

he was hailed as the unquestioned champion of the world.

After his return to America the proud chess-players of his native land gave him a rosewood chess-board with gold and silver chessmen.

Of his playing his secretary says: "Where his skill gained one admirer, his manner made ten warm friends"; and of the strength of his game it will be enough to say that modern players believe that Morphy was the finest player the world has seen. The young genius was always an amateur, who played for the love of the game, and never to make money out of his skill.

It is a pity to go beyond these early triumphant years, for the rest of the story is a sad one. Paul Morphy, not many years after his foreign trip, abandoned chess forever, and, because of private misfortunes, became mentally unsound. He lived for twenty years after giving up his career as a chess-player, but there is nothing further to record of him except the date of his death—July 10, 1884.

Few chess-players are great men. Staunton is known as an excellent editor of *Shakspere*; Buckle, the historian, was a noted chess-master; Bismarck, Franklin, Charles XII. of Sweden, and many well-known men have enjoyed the game; but few great men have considered it as more than an amusement. Certainly, great modern players, like Steinitz and Blackburne, do not hesitate to say that the game is too hard to be worth the time required to play it really well. But young players will find chess, played as a pastime only, the most fascinating and harmless of amusements.

At all events, young Americans ought to know the triumphs of that modest, gentlemanly, chivalrous champion, Paul Morphy.



THE DOZEN FROM LAKERIM.

BY RUPERT HUGHES.

[This story was begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE victorious outcome of the cross-country run, as well as many other victories and defeats, had pretty well instilled it in the Lakerim minds that team-play is an all-important factor of success. But the time came when there was no opportunity to use the hard-learned, easily forgotten lesson of team-work, and it was each man for himself, and all for Lakerim and Kingston.

When the ground was all soggy and mushy with the first footsteps of spring, and it was not yet possible to practise to any extent out of doors, the Kingston Athletic Association received from the athletic association of the Troy Latin School a letter which was a curious combination of blood-curdling challenge and blood-warming hospitality. The Latin School, in other words, opened its heart and its gymnasium, and warmly invited the Kingston athletes to come over and be eaten up in a grand indoor carnival. Troy was not so far away that only a small delegation could go. Almost every one from Kingston, particularly those athletically inclined, took the train to Troy.

Most surprising of all it was to see the diminutive and bespectacled History proudly joining the ranks of the strong ones. He was going to Troy to display his microscopical muscles in that most wearing and violent of all exercises—chess.

The Tri-State Interscholastic League, which encouraged the practice of all imaginable diversions from school studies, had arranged for a series of chess games between teams selected from the different academies. The winners of these preliminary heats, if one can use so calm a word for so exciting a game,

were to meet at Troy and play for the championship of the League.

If I should describe the hair-raising excitement of that chess tournament, I am afraid that this account would be put down as entirely too lively for young readers. So I will simply say once for all that, owing to his ability to look wiser than any one could possibly be, and to spend so much time thinking of each move that his deliberation affected his opponents' nerves, and owing to the fact that he could so thoroughly map out future moves on the inside of his large skull, and that there was something awe-inspiring about his general look of being a wizard in boys' clothes, History won the tournament—almost more by his looks than by his skill as a tactician. The whole Academy, and especially the Lakerimmers, overwhelmed him with congratulations, and felt proud of him; but when he attempted to explain how he had won his magnificent battle, and started off with such words as these: "You will observe that I used the Zukertort opening"; and when he began to tell of his taking a "pawn *en passant*," and "castling Q.'s side," even his best friends vanished.

The Kingston visitors found that the Troy Latin School was in possession of a finer and much larger gymnasium than their own. But much as they envied their luckier neighbors, they determined that they would prove that fine feathers do not make fine birds, nor a fine gymnasium fine athletes. A large crowd had gathered, and was kept in good humor by a beautiful exhibition of team-work by the Troy men on the triple and horizontal bars and the double trapeze. The Trojans also gave a very excellent kaleidoscopic exhibition of tumbling and pyramid-building, none of which sports had been practised to any extent by the Kingstonians. After this the regular athletic contests of the evening began.

In almost every event at least one of the Lakerim men represented Kingston. Some of the Dozen made a poor showing; but the majority, owing to their long devotion to the theory and the practice of athletics, stood out strongly, and were recognized by the strange audience, in their Lakerim sweaters, as distinguished heroes of the occasion.

The first event was a contest in horse-vaulting, in which no Lakerim men were entered, but in which Kingston suffered a defeat.

"Ill begun is half done up," sighed Jumbo.

But in the next event was entered the old reliable Tug, among others; and in the rope-climb he ran up the cord like a monkey on a stick, and touched the tambourine that hung twenty-five feet in the air before any of his rivals reached their goal, and in better form than any of them.

The third event was the standing high jump, and B. J. and the other Kingstonians were badly outclassed here. Their efforts to clear the bar compared with that of the Trojans as the soaring of an elephant compares with the flight of a butterfly.

Punk was the only Lakerimmer on the team that attempted to win glory on the flying-rings, but he and his brother Kingstonians suffered a like humiliation with the running high jumpers.

The clerk of the course and the referees were now seen to be running hither and yon in great excitement. A long delay and much putting of heads together ensued, to the great mystification of the audience. At length, just as a number of small boys in the gallery had begun to stamp their feet in military time and whistle their indignation, the official announcer officially announced that there had been a slight hitch in the proceedings.

"I have to announce," he yelled in his gentlest manner, "that two of the boxers have failed to appear. Both have excellent excuses and doctors' certificates to account for their absence, but we have unfortunately to announce that the Kingston heavy-weight and the Troy feather-weight are incapacitated for the present. The feather-weight from Kingston, however, has been good enough to express

a willingness to box a friendly bout for points with the heavy-weight from Troy. While this match will seem a little unusual owing to the difference in size of the two opponents, it will be scientific enough, we have no doubt, to make it interesting as well as picturesque."

As usual, the audience, not knowing what else to do, applauded very cordially.

And now the heavy-weight from Troy, one Jaynes, appeared upon the scene with his second. There was no roped-off space, but only a collection of mats of the proper dimensions. Jaynes overshadowed little Bobbles as the giants overshadowed Jack the Giant-killer.

Bobbles, while he was diminutive compared with Jaynes, was yet rather tall and wiry for his light weight, and had an unusually long reach for one of his size. And now he was matched to box with a heavy-weight, but it was only for points, and he counted upon his agility to save him.

In order to make the scoring of points more vivid and visible to the audience, it was decided, after some hesitation, that the gloves should be coated with shoe-blackening.

Bobbles realized that his salvation lay in quick attack and the seizure of every possible opportunity. He did not propose to make it a sprinting-match, but he felt that he was justified in making as much use of the art of evasion as possible.

Bobbles proved himself an adept at that best of boxing-tactics, the ability to dodge. He rarely moved more than would take him sufficiently out of harm's way. A little moving of the head from one side to the other, a quick side-step or an adroit duck, saved him from most of Jaynes' attacks.

There were to be three rounds of three minutes each, with one minute's intermission between rounds. The first round was over before either of the men was much more than well warmed up to the work, and before either had scored any impressive amount of points. Jaynes, however, realized that Bobbles had landed oftener than he, and that the sympathy of the audience was with the little fellow. In the swift interchange of blows Bobbles was usually quicker than he.

Jaynes' blows were heavier, but Bobbles countered and dodged with remarkable skill; and when, after three spirited rounds, the judges met to discuss the verdict they were to render and there was some dispute as to the number of blows landed by each, the two men were brought forward for inspection. Bobbles' face and neck were as black as a piccaninny's, but there were few dark spots upon his chest. Jaynes, however, was like a leopard, for the blacking on Bobbles' gloves had mottled him all up and down and around.

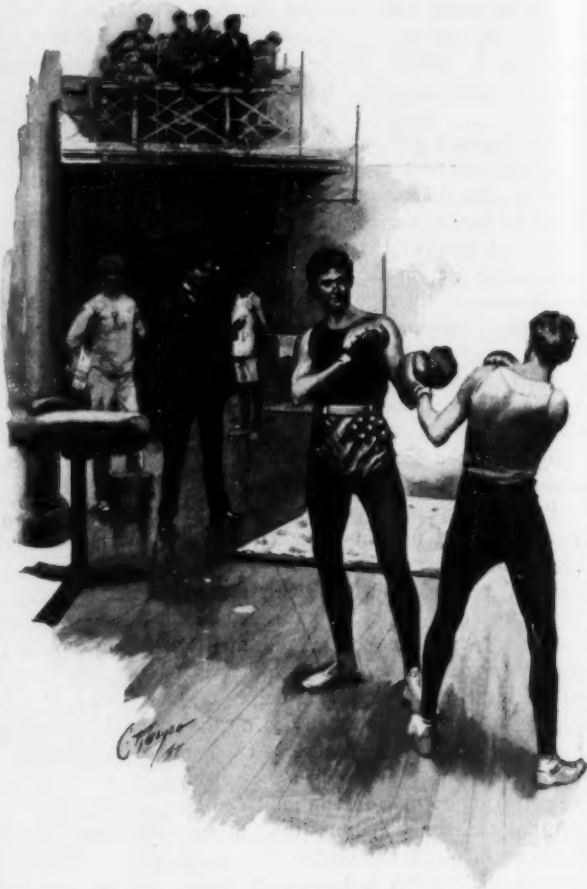
As Jumbo remarked to Sawed-Off: "Bobbles certainly had designs on that big fellow!"

The judges had been agreed that, on the point of defense, guarding, ducking, getting away, and of counter-hitting, Bobbles, considering his size, was certainly the more speedy of the two. They were also inclined to grant him the greater number of points on his form in general, and especially on account of the disparity in size and reach; but when they counted the tattoo-marks on each, they found that here also Bobbles had made the higher score, and the judges decided to award him the prize.

The next event was the high kick, which was won by a Kingston hitch-and-kicker, who was a rank outsider from the Dozen. Quiz managed to be third and add one point to the Academy's score.

Then came an exhibition of Indian-club swinging. Jumbo had formerly been the great Indian-club swinger of the Dozen, but he had recently gone in so enthusiastically for wrestling that he had given up his other interest. Sleepy had taken up this discarded amusement with as much enthusiasm as was possible to him. There was something about it that appealed to Sleepy. It was different from weight-

lifting and dumb-bell exercising in that when you once got the clubs started they seemed to do all the work themselves. But Sleepy was too lazy to learn many of the new wrinkles, and the Troy club-swingers set him some tasks that he could not repeat. In form, too, he was



A FRIENDLY BOXING-BOUT.

evidently not their equal, and so the honors in this event went deservedly to Kingston's opponents.

A novelty was introduced here in place of the usual parallel-bar exhibition. From the horizontal bar a light gate was hung, and the various contestants gave exhibitions of vaulting

this bar. The gate prevented the use of the kippie swing. There was no method of twisting and writhing up to the bar; it had to be clean vaulting; and Kingston gradually raised the bar till the Troy men could not go over it. At its last notch only one man made it, and that was a Kingston athlete—but unfortunately not a Lakerimmer, as Punk remained behind with the others, and divided a second place with two rivals.

A sack-race was introduced to furnish a little diversion for the audience, which, in view of the length of the program, was beginning to believe that, after all, it is possible to have too much of a good thing. The Kingstonians had put their hope in this event upon the Twins. None but the Dozen could tell them apart, but the Kingstonians felt confident that one of the red-headed brotherhood would win out. And so it looked to the audience when the long row of men were tied up like dummies in sacks that reached to their necks; for, after the first muddle at the start, two small, brick-top figures went bouncing along in the lead, like hot-water bags with red stoppers in them. The Kingstonians, not knowing which of the Twins was in the lead, if indeed either of them were in the lead, yelled violently:

"The Twins! The Twins!"

It was Reddy who had got the first start and cleared the multitude, but Heady, by a careful system of jumping, was soon alongside his brother. He made a kind-hearted effort to cut his brother off, with the result that they wobbled together and fell in a heap. They did not mind the fact that two or three other sack-runners were falling all over them; nor did they care what became of the race: the desire of each was to tear off that sack and get at the wretched brother who had caused the fall. Not being able to work their hands loose, they rolled toward each other, and began violently to bunt heads. Finding that this manner of battle hurt the giver of the blow as much as it did the receiver of it, they rolled apart again, and began to kick at each other in a most ludicrous and undignified manner. The Lakerimmers were finally compelled to rush in on the track and separate the loving

brothers. Strange to say, the Twins got no consolation for the loss of the race from the fact that the audience had laughed till the tears ran down.

When the running high jump went to Troy on account of the inability of B. J. to reach even his own record, the Kingstonians began to feel anxious as to results. Troy had won six events, and they had won only four. The points, too, had fallen in such a way that there was a bad discrepancy.

Sawed-Off appeared upon the horizon as a temporary rescuer; and while he could not put the sixteen-pound bag of shot so far as he had in better days sent the sixteen-pound solid shot, still he landed it farther than any of the Trojans could do, and brought the Kingston score up to within one of the events gone to Troy. Pretty added one more by a display of grace and skill in the fencing-match with foils, that surprised even his best friends from Lakerim, and won the unanimous vote of the three judges, themselves skilful fencers.

A wet blanket was thrown on the encouragement of the Kingstonians by their inferiority at weight-lifting. Sawed-Off was many pounds on the power of a certain powerful Trojan, who was a smaller man with bigger muscles.

He and all the other members of the Dozen had a special parley with Jumbo, imploring him to save the day and the honor of both Kingston and Lakerim by winning the wrestling-match. When Jumbo glanced across the floor and saw the man that was to be his opponent striding toward the mat in the center of the floor, he wished that some one else had been placed as the keystone in the Kingston arch of success. For Jumbo knew well the man's record as a wrestler. But Jumbo himself, while small, was well put together; and though built close to the ground, he was built for business.

Since he had gone in for wrestling he had made it the specialty of all his athletic exercises. He had practised everything that had any bearing on the strengthening of particular muscles or general agility. He had practised cart-wheels, hand-springs, back and front flips. He had worked with his neck at the chest-

weight machine. He would walk on his hands to strengthen his neck, and his collars had grown in a few weeks from thirteen and a half to fifteen, and he could no longer wear his shirts without splitting them. He almost made the mats in the Kingston gymnasium his home. His especial studies were bridging and spinning. He spent hours on his back, rising to his two feet and his head, and then rolling from one shoulder to the other and spinning to his front. When he had his bridge-building abilities fairly well started, he compelled his

he, Jumbo, could have his conscience easy with the thought that he had made the most profitable use of the short time he had spent on wrestling, and that he would put up as good a fight as was in him.

More than that no athlete can do.

Jumbo and Ware met upon the mattress and shook hands—if one can imagine a pair of bulldogs shaking hands.

Jumbo had two cardinal principles, but he could put neither of them into practice in the first manœuvres: the first was always to try



THE SACK-RACE.

heavy chum Sawed-Off to act as a living meal-bag, and he rolled around upon the top of his head and "bridged" with Sawed-Off laying all his weight across his chest. When he went to bed he bridged there until the best of all wrestlers, sleep, had downed him. When he woke in the morning he fell out of bed to the floor, turning his head under him and rolling so as not to break his neck or any bones, and bridging rigidly upon his head and bare feet.

Jumbo knew that, whatever might be the ability of his rival, Ware the Trojan, at least

to get out of one difficulty and get his opponent into another; the second was always to try for straight-arm leverages.

Ware being the larger of the two, Jumbo was content to play a waiting game and find out something of the methods of his burly opponent. He dodged here and there, avoiding the reaching lobster-claws of Ware by quick wriggles or by slapping his hands away as they thrust. Suddenly Ware made a quick rush, and, breaking through Jumbo's interference, seized him around the body to bend him backward. But while the man was

straining his hardest, Jumbo brought his hands around and placed them together in front of the pit of his stomach, so that the harder Ware squeezed the harder he pressed Jumbo's fists into his abdomen.

Ware looked foolish at being foiled so neatly, and broke away, only to come at Jumbo again, and clasp him so close that there was no room for his fists to press against Ware's diaphragm. But now Jumbo suddenly clasped his left arm back of Ware's neck, and with his right hand bent the man's forehead back until he was glad enough to let go and spring away. Ware continued to run around Jumbo as a dog runs around a treed cat. But Jumbo always evaded his quick rushes till Ware, after many false moves, finally made a sudden and unforeseen dash, seized Jumbo's right hand with both of his, whirled in close to Jumbo, and, with his back against Jumbo's chest, carried the Lakerimmer's right arm straight and stiff across his shoulder. Bearing down with all his weight on this lever, and at the same time dropping to his knees, he shot Jumbo clean over him, heels over head.

"That 'flying mere' was certainly a bird!" said Bobbles.

Ware went down with Jumbo, to land on his chest and break any bridge the boy might form. But the flying mere had been such a surprise, and the fall was so far, and the floor so hard, that, while Jumbo instinctively tried to bridge, his effort collapsed. His two shoulders touched. The bout was over.

The first fall had been so quickly accomplished, and Jumbo had offered so feeble a resistance, that the Troy faction at once accepted the wrestling-match as theirs, and the Kingstonians gave up the evening as hopelessly lost.

Jumbo was especially covered with chagrin, since he had practised so long, and had builded so many hopes on this victory; worst of all, the whole success of the contest between the two academies depended on his victory.

When, then, after the rest, the referee called "Time!" Ware came stalking up jauntily and confidently; but Jumbo, instead of skulking, was up and at and on him like a wildcat. Ware had expected that the Lakerim youngster

would pursue the same elusive tactics as before, and he was all amaze while Jumbo was seizing his left hand with his own left hand, and, darting round behind him, had bent Ware's arm backward and upward into "the hammerlock."

The pain of this twist sent Ware's body forward, so that Jumbo could reach up under his right armpit and, placing the palm of his right hand on the back of Ware's head, make use of that crowbar known as the right half-Nelson. This pressure was gradually forcing Ware forward on the back of his head; but he knew the proper break for the hammerlock, and simply threw himself face forward on the mat.

As he rose to his knees again, Jumbo pounced on him like a hawk, and while Ware waited patiently the little Lakerimmer was reaching under Ware's armpit again for another half-Nelson; but Ware simply dodged the grasping of Jumbo's right hand, or, bringing his right arm vigorously back and down, so checked Jumbo's arm that the boy could not reach his neck. Jumbo now tried, by leaning his left forearm and all his weight upon Ware's head, to bring it into reach; but Ware's neck was too strong, and when he stiffened it Jumbo could not force it down.

Ware waited in amused patience to learn just how much Jumbo knew about wrestling. Jumbo wandered around on his knees, feinting for another half-Nelson, and making many false plays to throw Ware off his guard.

Suddenly, while Ware seemed to be all neck against a half-Nelson, Jumbo dropped to his knees near Ware's right arm, and, shooting his left arm under Ware's body and his right arm across beneath Ware's chin, laid violent hold on Ware's left arm near the shoulder with what is known as the "farther-arm hold." Jumbo's movement was so quick and unexpected that Ware could not parry it by throwing his left leg out and forward for a brake. He realized at once that he would have to go, and when Jumbo gave a quick yank he rolled over and bridged. But Jumbo followed him quickly over, and clasping Ware's left arm between his legs, he forced the right arm out straight also with both his hands, so that Ware

could not roll. Then he simply pressed with all his force upon Ware's chest. And waited.

Also waited.

Ware squirmed and wriggled and grunted and writhed, but there was no escape for him, and while he stuck it out manfully, with Jumbo heavy upon him, he knew that he was a goner.

And finally, with a sickly groan, London Bridge came a-falling down.

The bout was Jumbo's, and he retired to his corner with a heart much lighter. The applause of the audience, the rip-roaring enthusiasm of the Kingston Academy yell, followed by the beloved club cry of Lakerim, rejoiced him mightily. He had put down a man far heavier than he; and he felt that possibly, perchance, maybe, there was a probability of a contingency in which he might be able to have a chance of downing him once more—perhaps.

It was a very cool and cautious young man that came forward to represent Kingston when the referee exclaimed:

"Shake hands for the third and last bout."

Jumbo, as soon as he had released Ware's hand, dropped to his hands and knees on the mat, squatting far back on his haunches, and manifested a cheerful willingness to go almost anywhere except on the back of his two shoulders.

It was Ware's turn to be aggressive now, for he had been laughed at not a little for being downed by so small an opponent. He spent some time and more strength in picking Jumbo up bodily from the mat and dropping him all over the place. Jumbo's practice at bridging stood him in excellent stead now, and he got out of many a tight corner by a quick, firm bridge or a sudden spin.

Ware time after time forced one of the boy's shoulders to the mat, and strove with all his vim to force the other shoulder down. And he generally succeeded; but it was always from one shoulder to the other, and never from one to both. Jumbo frequently showed a most obliging disposition, and did what Ware wanted him to, or at least he did just that and a little more: he always went too far; and Ware was becoming with each moment more and more convinced that he

never could get those two obstinate shoulders to the mat at the same time.

After much puttering, he reached the goal of his ambition, and got the deadly "full-Nelson" on Jumbo's head, and forced it slowly and irresistibly down. Just as he was congratulating himself that he had his fish landed, Jumbo suddenly whirled his legs forward and assumed a sitting position. The whole problem was reversed. Ware rose wearily to his feet, and Jumbo returned to his hands and knees.

Once more he strove for the Nelson. He was jabbing Jumbo's head, and trying to shove it down within reach of his right hand. With a surprising abruptness, Jumbo's head was not there,—he had jerked it quickly to one side,—and Ware's hand slipped on down and almost touched the floor. But the watchful Jumbo had seized it with both hands, and returned to Ware the compliment of the straight-arm leverage and the flying mere, which had been so fatal to himself in the first bout. Ware's fall was not nearly so far as Jumbo's had been, and he managed to bridge, and save himself.

Before Jumbo could settle on his chest Ware was out of danger. But he went to his hands and knees in a defensive attitude that showed he was nearly worn out. Jumbo did not see just what right Ware had to imitate his own position, and the two of them sprawled like frogs, eying each other jealously.

Jumbo soon saw that he was expected to take the aggressive or go to sleep; so, with a lazy sigh, he began snooping around for those nuggets of wrestling, the Nelsons. After foiling many efforts, Ware noted all at once that Jumbo's head was not above Ware's shoulders, but back of the right armpit. In a flash a thought of pity went through Ware's brain.

"Poor fool!" he almost groaned aloud; and reaching back, he gathered Jumbo's head into chancery.

A sigh went up from all Kingston, and Sawed-Off gasped:

"Poor Jumbo 's gone!"

But just as Ware, chuckling with glee, started to roll Jumbo over, the boy swung at

right angles across Ware's back, and brought the Trojan's arm helplessly to the hammer-lock.

This was a new trick to Ware, one he had never heard of, but one which he recognized immediately. He yielded to it judiciously, and managed to spin on his head before Jumbo could land on his chest.

He had more respect now for Jumbo, and decided to keep him on the defensive, especially as the referee announced that the time was almost up.

Ware rushed the contest now, and, after many failures, managed to secure a perfect full-Nelson. Jumbo's position was such that there was no way for him to squirm out. He resisted till it seemed his neck would break. In vain. His head was slowly forced under.

And now his shoulders began to follow, and he was rolling over on his back.

One shoulder is down.

The referee is on all-fours, his cheek almost to the ground. He is watching for the meeting of those two shoulders upon the mat.

The Kingstonians have given up, and the Trojans have their cheers all ready.

And now the despairing Jumbo feels that his last minute has come. But for the fraction of a second he sees that the cautious Ware is slightly changing his hold.

With a sudden, a terrific effort, he throws all his soul into his muscles—closes his arms like a vise on Ware's arms. The Nelson is broken (or weakened into uselessness). He draws his head into his shoulders as a turtle's head is drawn into its shell, whirls like lightning on the top of his head to his other shoulder, and on over, carrying the horrified Ware with him, and plouncing the Trojan plump on his back, and jouncing down on top of him.

And the excited referee went over on his back also, and kicked his heels foolishly in the air as he cried: "Down!"

Jumbo had gloriously brought the score back to a tie, and the final result of these Olympic games now depended entirely on the victors of the tug of war.

(To be concluded.)



THE MEETING OF THE ELVES' CLUB AT THE FAIRY RING.

QUICKSILVER SUE.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS.

[This story was begun in the May number.]

CHAPTER IX.

THE LONELY ROAD.

THE day of the circus was not a happy one for Mary Hart. She watched Sue go



"SHE OUGHT REALLY TO BE A PRINCESS," THOUGHT MARY."

down the street, and her heart went out toward her friend. What a darling she was!

How pretty she looked, and how well the plumed hat set off her delicate, high-bred face, and the little air she had of owning the world and liking her possession! Now that there were no mincing steps beside her, she walked with her own free, graceful gait, head held high, eyes bent forward, ready for anything.

"She ought really to be a princess," thought humble-minded Mary; and in her glow of admiration she did not see the troubled look in Sue's bright eyes.

The day went heavily. The boys, too, went off to the circus in the afternoon. Mary might have gone with them, but she had been allowed her choice between this treat and the concert that was to be given a week or two later, and had chosen the latter. If she and Sue could have gone together with the boys, that would have been another matter. She longed to tell the boys her secret, and beg them to keep an eye on Sue, in case she should get into any trouble. Several times the words were on the tip of her tongue, but the thought of her promise drove them back. She had promised in the solemn school-boy formula, "Honest and true, black and blue"; and that was as sacred as if she had sworn on any number of "relics." There was a dreadful passage in "Lalla Rookh": "Thine oath! thine oath!"

She and Sue had decided long ago that they would not make vows, but that a promise should be just as binding. The promise lay heavy on Mary's heart all day. She found it hard to settle down to anything. Sue's face kept coming between her and her work, and looked at her from between the pages of her book.

Her imagination, not very lively as a rule, was now so excited that it might have been Sue's own. She saw her friend in every conceivable and inconceivable danger. Now it was a railway accident, with fire and every other accompaniment of terror. She could hear the crash,

the shrieks, and the dreadful hiss of escaping steam; could see the hideous wreck in which Sue was pinned down by burning timbers, unable to escape. Now a wild beast, a tiger or panther, had escaped from his cage and sprung in among the terrified audience of pleasure-seekers. She saw the glaring yellow eyes, the steel claws. This time she screamed aloud, and frightened Lily Penrose, who, luckily, came over at that very moment to ask advice about the cutting of her doll's opera-cloak.

Mary forced herself to attend to the doll's cloak, and that did her good; and there was no reason why Lily should not be made happy and amused a little. Then there were some errands to do for her mother, and then came her music lesson; and so, somehow or other, the long day wore away, and the time came for the arrival of the circus train from Chester.

The time came, and the train with it. Mary heard it go puffing and shrieking on its way. She stationed herself at the window to watch for Sue. Soon she would come by, twinkling all over, "quicksilvering" with joy as she did when she had had a great pleasure—making the whole street brighter, Mary always thought. But Sue did not come. Five o'clock struck; then half-past five; then six. Still no Sue. In an anguish of dread and uncertainty, Mary pressed her face against the pane and gazed up the fast-darkening street. People came and went, going home from their work; but no slight, glancing figure came swinging past. What had happened? What could have happened? So great was Mary's distress of mind that she did not hear her mother come into the room, and started violently when a hand was laid on her shoulder.

"My dear," said Mrs. Hart, "I think the boys must have missed the train. Why—why, Mary, dear child, what is the matter?" for Mary turned on her a face so white and wild that her mother was frightened.

"Mary!" she cried. "The boys! Has—has anything happened? The train—"

"No, no!" cried Mary, hastily. "It is n't the boys, mother. The boys will be all right. It's Sue—my Sue!"

Then it all came out. Promise or no prom-

ise, Mary must take the consequences. On her mother's neck she sobbed out the story: her foolish "solemn promise," the day-long anxiety, the agony of the last hour.

"Oh, what can have happened to her?" she cried. "Oh, mammy, I'm so glad I told you! I'm so glad—so glad!"

"Of course you are, my dear little girl," said Mrs. Hart. "And now, stop crying, Mary. Thank goodness, there's your father. He's driving into the yard this moment. Run and tell him; he will know just what to do."

The glory was over. The scarlet cloths and the gold spangles had disappeared behind the dingy curtains; the music had gone away in green bags; and the crowd poured out of the circus, jostling and pushing. Sue was walking on air. She could hear nothing but that maddening clash of sound, see nothing but that airy figure dashing through the ring of flame. To do that, and then to die suddenly, with the world at her feet—that would be the highest bliss, beyond all other heights; or—well, perhaps not really to die, but to swoon so deep that every one should think her dead. And then, when they had wept for hours beside her rose-strewn bier, the beautiful youth in pale-blue silk tights, he with the spangled velvet trunks, might bend over her—Sue had read "Little Snow-white"—and take the poisoned comb out of her hair, or—or something—and say—

"Ow!" cried Clarice, shrilly. "That horrid man pushed me so, he almost tore my dress. I think this is perfectly awful! Say, Sue, let's go and see some of the shows. We've lots of time before the train."

Sue for once demurred; she did not feel like seeing curiosities; her mind was filled with visions of beauty and grace. But when Clarice pressed the point, she yielded cheerfully; for was it not Clarice's party? But already the glow began to fade from her sky, and the heavy feeling at her heart to return, as they pushed their way into the small, dingy tent, where the air hung like a heavy, poisonous fog.

It happened that they were just behind a large party of noisy people, men and women

laughing and shouting together, and the showman did not see them at first. They had made their way to the front, and were gazing at the queer personages on view,—the fat, the thin, the civilized and the savage, ranged on benches round the tent,—when the showman—an ugly fellow with little eyes set too near together—suddenly approached and tapped Sue on the shoulder.

"Fifty cents, please," he said, civilly enough. Sue looked at him open-eyed.

"Fifty cents," he repeated. "You two come in without payin'. Quarter apiece, please."

Sue put her hand to her pocket, which held both purses (Clarice had no pockets in her dresses; she said they spoiled the set of the skirt), but withdrew it in dismay. The pocket was empty! She turned to Clarice, who was staring greedily at the sights.

"Clarice!" she gasped. "Clarice! did you—have you got the purses?"

"No," said Clarice. "I gave mine to you, to put in your pocket; don't you remember, Sue?"

"Yes, of course I do; but—but it is gone! They are both gone!"

"Come, none o' that!" said the man. "You 've seen the show, and you 've got to pay for it. That 's all right, ain't it? Now you hand over them fifty cents, little lady; see? Come! I can't stand foolin' here. I got my business to attend to."

"But—but I have n't it!" said Sue, growing crimson to the roots of her hair. "Somebody—my pocket must have been picked!" she cried, as the truth flashed upon her. She recalled the dense crowd, the pushing, the rough lad who had forced his way between her and Clarice just at the doorway.

"Oh, Clarice," she said in her distress, "my pocket has certainly been picked! What shall we do?"

"What shall we do?" echoed Clarice. "Oh, Sue, how could you? I don't see why I let you take my purse. There was a ten-dollar gold piece in it. I might have known you would lose it!" And she began to whimper and lament.

This was poor comfort. Sue turned from

her weeping friend, and faced the little man bravely.

"I am very sorry," she said. "My pocket has been picked, so I cannot pay you. We did not know that we had to pay extra for the side-shows. I hope you will excuse—"

"Not much I won't excuse!" said the man, in a bullying tone, though he did not raise his voice. "You 'll pay me something, young ladies, before you leave this tent. I ain't runnin' no free show; this is business, this is, and I 'm a poor man."

Sue looked round her in despair. Only vacant or boorish faces met her eyes; it was not a high-class crowd that had come to see the shows in the tent. Suddenly a word of Mr. Hart's flashed into her mind like a sunbeam:

"If you are ever in danger away from home, children, call a policeman."

"Is there a policeman here?" she asked eagerly. "There must be one outside, I am sure. Will you call him, please?"

"No; there ain't no policeman!" said the man, quickly. He glanced warily about him, and added in a conciliatory tone: "There ain't no need of any policeman, young ladies. I guess we can settle this little matter right now, between ourselves, friendly and pleasant. You step right in this way, out of the jam. There 's my wife here 'll be real pleased to see you."

He half led, half pushed the frightened girls into another compartment of the tent, where a stout, greasy-looking woman was counting greasy coppers into a bag. The woman looked up as they entered, still counting: "Seventy—seventy-five—eighty—and twenty's a dollar. What 's the matter, John?"

"These little ladies got their pockets picked, so they say!" said the man. "They 're good girls; any one can see that with half an eye. They don't want to rob a poor man like me. Maybe they 've got some jew'ry or something they 'd like to give you for the money they owe. You see to it, wife; I got to go back."

With a knowing look at the woman, he slipped out of the compartment, and left them alone with her.

"Well!" she began, in a wheedling voice, "so you had your pockets picked, little girls,

had you? Well, now, that was a shame, I should say! Let me see!"

She advanced toward Clarice, who retreated before her, cowering in a corner and crying: "I have n't got any pocket! My friend here took my purse, and now she's lost it. Oh, dear! I wish we had n't come!"

"Let me see, dear," said the woman.

She began to feel of Clarice's dress with swift, practised fingers.

"Sure enough, you ain't got no pocket," she said. "I thought you might be makin' a mistake, you see. There! why, what 's this? Stand still, ducky! I would n't hurt ye for the world; no, indeed—such a sweet, pretty young lady as you be. Ain't this a pretty chain, now? and a locket on the eend of it—well, I never! This is too fine for a little girl like you. You might lose it, same as you lost your purse. I'll keep it for you—till you bring the money for the tickets, you know. I don't see what your ma was thinkin' of, lettin' you come out rigged up like this. I'm doin' you a kindness to take care of them for ye till you pay for the tickets. There 's a terrible rough set o' folks round these grounds when there 's a crowd, specially come night."

All the while she was talking she was quietly stripping Clarice of the trinkets. Clarice was too frightened to speak or move; she could only moan and whimper. But after the first moment of stupefaction, Sue came bravely forward with flashing eyes and crimson cheeks.

"How dare you?" she cried. "How dare you take her things? Her father or Mr. Hart—Mr. George Hart of Hilton—will send you the money to-morrow, everything we owe. You shall not take our things, you wicked woman!"

The woman turned on her with a cross look. "Highty-tighty!" she said. "Ain't we fine, miss? I would n't talk so free, after your stealin' our show, sneakin' in and thinkin' you 'd get it free! No, you don't!" And she caught Sue as she tried to slip past her out of the tent. "Let 's see what you 've got to pay for your ticket, next."

Sue did not like to make any outcry, and was rather afraid of the woman. She struggled fiercely, but it was of no use. The woman

shifted her easily to one arm, and with the other hand searched her pocket.

"Not even a handkerchief!" she said. "No jew'lry, neither. Well, your mother 's got sense, anyway. Hallo! here 's a ring, though. Guess I'll take that. Le' go, sis, or I might hurt ye."

"It—it 's not my ring!" gasped Sue. "I borrowed it. It's hers—it's my friend's. Don't take it!"

"Guess it's all the same!" said the woman, with a chuckle. She forced open Sue's slender fingers, and drew off the gold mouse-ring.

"There! now you can go, dears; and next time, you take my advice, and get some of your folks to take you to the circus. It is n't best for children to come alone."

Trembling, but indignant, the girls found themselves outside the tent. The grounds were well-nigh deserted, all the spectators having gone. Here and there a group of stragglers leaned on the railings of the neighboring fence, smoking and talking. Rough-looking men were at work about the tents, and some of them looked curiously at the girls as they hurried along. Neither spoke. Clarice was still whimpering and crying under her breath. Sue's eyes were blazing; her cheeks felt on fire. She ran hastily across the grounds, dragging Clarice after her by the hand. She felt every moment as if they might be seized and carried back to that horrible tent. She choked back the sob that rose in her throat. On, on, as fast as feet could fly! At last the palings were reached and passed. Now they could stop to draw breath, for they were on the highroad, and out of sight of the hated inclosure. Panting, Sue leaned against the fence, and waited till she should have breath enough to speak some word of encouragement to her companion. No one was in sight; there was no sound save the crickets keeping time in the grass. All was as peaceful and serene as if there were no dreadful things or wicked people in the world. They were not far from the station now, and once in the train for home, with the friendly conductor, who knew her and would take charge of them both—

Then, suddenly, a new thought flashed into

Sue's mind, and struck ice into the fever of her blood. How long had they been in that dreadful place? How was it that no one was to be seen going toward the station, of all the throng that had come up with them in the train?

"Clarice!" she gasped. "I am—afraid—we may miss the train. We must run. It is n't far, now. Run as fast as you possibly can!"

Clarice answered with a sob; but she began to run as well as her foolish dress and shoes would let her. But another answer came at that moment: a whistle, long and clear, loud at first, then growing fainter and fainter till it died away. In desperation the girls flew on along the road—to reach the station and find it empty! The long curve of the rails stretched away toward home. The train was gone!

CHAPTER X.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.



SIX o'clock was supper-time in the little town of Chester, so the usual loungers had left the station as soon as the train departed, and by the time the girls arrived it was deserted, even by the ticket-seller. No one was in sight; at least, they saw no one. They were too much absorbed in their trouble to notice two faces that peeped at them for a moment round the corner of the station, and then vanished. They were alone, six miles from home, with no money. What were they to do?

Clarice broke out in tearful reproaches:

"Sue Penrose, you have brought us to this! It is all your fault! I never should have thought of coming up here if it had n't been for you."

Sue looked at her, but made no reply. Clarice's eyes dropped under the steady look; she faltered, but hurried on:

"And losing all my money, too! If you

had n't lost my money, I should not have been robbed of my locket and necklace, the only one I had in the world! and it was worth lots and lots."

Sue, in bitterness of spirit, thought, "How about the diamond chain?" but she said nothing. She felt, suddenly, many years older than Clarice. Was this a girl of fifteen, whimpering like a baby? Was this the friend for whom she had given up Mary?

"And how are we ever to get home?" asked Clarice, in conclusion.

"We must walk!" said Sue, briefly.

"Walk!" shrieked Clarice. "Sue Penrose, are you crazy? It's twenty miles, if it's a step!"

"Nonsense!" said Sue. "It's a short six miles."

"That's just as bad!" moaned Clarice. "You know I would die before we had gone a mile; you *know* I would, Sue! Is n't there some one we can borrow money from? Can't we go to the hotel and telephone to somebody at home?"

They might indeed have done this, but in her excited state Sue could not think it possible. Her high-strung, sensitive nature was strained beyond the possibility of sober judgment; she could only act, and the action that began instantly was the only one that she could think of. Besides, to see more strangers, perhaps meet with more insults—never! They must walk home; there was no other way; and they must start that very instant.

"I am sure you can do it, Clarice," she said, speaking as cheerfully as she could. "You can take my arm, and lean on me when you are tired; and every little while we can sit down and rest. Come! we must start at once; it will be dark before we get home, as it is."

Clarice still protested, but yielded to the stronger will, and the two girls started on their lonely walk.

As they turned their backs on the station, a head was cautiously advanced from behind the building; a pair of sharp eyes followed the retreating figures for a few moments, then the head was as cautiously withdrawn.

The road from Chester to Hilton was a pleasant one. On one side was the railway, with the river beyond; on the other, green meadows rolling up and away to the distant hills. There were few houses, and these scattered at long distances. To Sue the road was familiar and friendly enough; but to Clarice it seemed an endless way stretching through an endless desert. She was thoroughly frightened, and her blood was of the kind that turns to water; very different from the fire that filled Sue's veins and made her ready, when aroused, to meet an army, or charge a windmill or a railway-train, or anything else that should cross her path.

Over and over again Clarice lamented that she had ever come to Hilton.

"Why did I come to this hateful, poky place?" she wailed. "Aunt Jane did n't want me to come. She said there would n't be anybody here fit for me to associate with. Oh, why did I come?"

"I suppose because you wanted to!" said Sue, very frankly; and it might have been Mary that spoke.

"Come, Clarice," she went on more gently, "we might as well make the best of it. Let's tell stories. I'll begin, if you like. Do you know about the Maid of Saragossa? That is splendid! Or Cochrane's 'Bonny Grizzly'? Oh! she had to do much worse things than this, and she never was afraid a bit—not a single bit."

Sue told the brave story, and the thrill in her voice might have warmed an oyster; but Clarice was not to be touched in that way, and it left her cold.

"Grizzly is a horrid, ugly name," she said. "And I think it was real unladylike, dressing up that way, so there!"

"Clarice!"—Sue's voice quivered with indignation,— "when it was to save her father's life! How can you? But perhaps you will care more about the story of the Maid of Saragossa."

But after a while Clarice declared that the stories only made her more nervous. She was unconscious of the fact that Sue's story-telling had carried her without weariness over two miles of the dreaded six.

"Besides," she said peevishly, "I can't hear when you are talking, Sue. Listen! I thought I heard footsteps behind us. I do! Sue Penrose, there is certainly some one following us!"

Sue listened. Yes, there were footsteps, some way behind. "But, my dear," she said, "this is the highroad, you must remember! Why should they be following us? People have a right to walk on the road—as good a right as we have."

They stopped a moment, instinctively, and listened; and the footsteps behind them seemed to stop too. They went on, and the steps were heard again, light yet distinct.

Clarice grasped Sue's arm. "Oh, who is it, Sue? Oh, I shall scream!"

"You will *not* scream!" said Sue, grasping her arm in return, and resisting the impulse to shake it. "You are talking nonsense, Clarice! I believe—I believe it is nothing in the world but an echo, after all. If it were not for this fog, we could see whether there was any one there."

She looked back along the road, but the river-fog was rising, white and dense, and before very long it closed in behind them like a curtain.

"They can't see us, anyhow, whoever they are!" said Sue. "Why, it's exciting, Clarice! It's like the people in the forest in 'Midsummer-Night's Dream.' If we were only sure that these were nice people, we might call, and they could answer, and then we could run away, and they would hunt round for us, and it would be fine."

"Oh, it's awful! It's just awful!" moaned Clarice; and she shook with real terror. "And the worst of it is, I can't walk any more. I can't, Sue! It's no use! I am going to faint—I know I am."

"Nonsense!" said Sue, stoutly, though her heart sank. "Keep up your courage a little, Clarice, do! We must be nearly half-way home now."

But tight lacing and tight shoes are not mere nonsense; they are very real things; and poor Clarice was really suffering more than Sue had any idea of. The stitch in her side was not imaginary this time. She stopped

involuntarily to draw breath; and the footsteps behind them stopped too, and went on when they did. There was no longer any doubt.

Clarice began to cry again; and Sue set her teeth, and felt that a crisis was coming.

"Clarice," she said, "let me see if I can carry you! I think I can! I know the way Sir Bedivere did with King Arthur: he made broad his shoulders to receive his weight, you know, and round his neck he drew the languid hands—kind of pickaback, you see. You are not heavy; I think I can do it!"

And she actually took Clarice on her back, and staggered on perhaps a hundred yards—till they both came to the ground, bruised and breathless.

"I'm going to die!" said Clarice, doggedly. "I won't walk another step. I may just as well be murdered as plain die. I—can't see!" and the poor girl sank down, really in a half-fainting condition.

Sue set her teeth hard. She dragged Clarice back from the road and propped her against a tree, then took her stand in front of her. She felt no fear; the quicksilver ran riot in her veins. If she only had her dagger, the good sharp dagger paper-knife that she had worn in her boot for two whole months, while she was playing cow-boy! It hurt a good deal, and made holes in her stockings, so she had given it up. What would she not give for it now! Or if she had something poisoned that she could hand to the people when they came up,—like Lucrezia Borgia,—and see them drop helpless at her feet! But she had nothing! Stop! yes! her hat-pin, the hat-pin Uncle James had sent her from Russia! Carefully, with a steady hand, she drew out the long, sharp steel pin and felt its point, then set her back against the tree—and waited.

The footsteps behind the fog-curtain hesitated, stopped altogether. There was a silence, but Sue's heart beat so loud, the sound seemed to fill the air. All at once, from the opposite direction, came another sound, the sound of horses' hoofs, the rattle of wheels; and, as if at a signal, the footsteps came on again, quickened their pace, were close at hand. Two figures loomed through the white fog; paused, as if reconnoitering in the dim

half-light. Then, at sight of Sue standing alone before her prostrate companion, they broke into a run, and came up at racing speed, panting.

"Anything wrong?" asked Tom.

"Because we're right here!" said Teddy.

"Right here, Quicksilver!" said Tom.

The hat-pin dropped from Sue's hand. A great sob rose and broke—only one! And then—oh! it did n't matter now if she was getting to be a big girl. Her arms were round Tom's neck, and her head was on his good, broad, brotherly shoulder, and she was crying and laughing, and saying, "Oh, Tom! Oh, Tom!" over and over and over again, till that young gentleman began to be seriously alarmed.

"I say!" he said; "I would n't, Quicksilver! Come! I would n't, if I were you! Teddy, you've got the handkerchief, have n't you? I had the peanuts, you know."

But Teddy, who was going to be a surgeon, was stooping over Clarice with keen professional interest.

"We might haul her down to the river and put her head in!" he said. "This hat won't hold water any more; will yours? I say! don't they still bleed people sometimes, when they have n't got salts and things? My knife is just as sharp!"

Poor Clarice started up with a faint scream. Altogether, these four were so absorbed that they never heard the approaching wheels, and Mr. Hart almost ran over them before he could pull up his horse.

"Hallo!" he said. "What upon earth—now, Mary, Mary, do be careful, and wait till I—Dear me! What a set of children! Stand still, 'Jupiter'!"

For Mary had scrambled down among wheels and legs, and had thrown herself upon Sue and Tom; and Teddy, abandoning Clarice, exhausted himself in a vain endeavor to get his short arms round the other three.

"Oh, Mary, Mary! is it really you? Can you ever forgive me?"

"Sue, Sue! my Sue! don't talk so, dear! It is all my fault, for not telling mammy this morning. Oh, Tom, you blessed boy, I might have known you would take care of her!"

"Young people," said Mr. Hart, bending over from the wagon, "perhaps if you would kindly get in, it might facilitate matters, and you can continue this highly interesting conversation as we go along. Is the other little girl faint? Hand her here, Tom! Put your arm round my neck, my child—so! there we are!"

They jogged along in silence for a few minutes. Sue and Mary had nothing to say at first—in words, at least. They sat with their arms round each other's neck and their heads together. Now and then one would make a little murmur, and the other respond; but for the most part they were still, too full of joy to speak.

"What happened, Tom?" asked Mr. Hart, when he thought time enough had elapsed to quiet the excitement a little.

"Why, sir," said Tom, "we saw the girls, of course; but then we lost sight of them after the circus,—I don't know how" (Sue shuddered and Clarice moaned),—"so we went straight to the station. So when they did n't get there in time for the train, we thought we'd better wait and see how things were. So we followed them along the road without letting them see us—"

"Oh, Tom, we were so frightened!" cried Sue. "Of course you did n't know how frightened we were, Tom—but I had my hat-pin all ready to stick into you!"

"No! had you?" said Tom, chuckling with amusement.

"You young ninny!" said his father. "Why did n't you join the girls, instead of hanging behind? Did n't you know you might scare them half to death?"

Tom hung his head.

"I—it was awfully stupid!" he said. "I must have done it because I was a fool, sir, I suppose, and thought—"

"Because I was a fool, Mr. Hart!" said Sue. "Because I had been wicked and hateful and ungrateful, and a selfish old thing, and he knew it!"

Mrs. Hart sat at her window, sewing a seam and listening to the music she loved best, the music of children's voices. There were

five of them, her own three and the two Pen-roses; and they were all sitting on the broad door-step, husking sweet-corn and talking. Sue had just come over; she had been helping Katy, who had a lame arm. She looked pale and grave, for the adventure of two days before seemed still very near; yet her eyes were full of light as she looked from one to the other of the children, gazing as if she could not get her fill. Now and then she and Mary held out a hand and exchanged a silent squeeze that meant rivers of speech; but somehow Tom seemed to be doing most of the talking.

"Look at that!" he said, holding up an ear like glossy ivory, every row perfect as a baby's teeth. "Is n't that the very nicest ear you ever saw? Save the corn-silk, Sue and Lily! We want to make wigs for the harvest feast to-night."

"Oh, tell me!" cried Sue, her eyes kindling at these words. "A harvest feast? What fun!"

"Why, has n't Mary told you? You and Lily are coming to tea, you know, and we thought we would make it a Harvest Tea. So we are all to wear corn-silk wigs, and we're going to put the candles in Jack-o'-lanterns—little ones, you know; squashes, of course, or apples."

"Apples will be best!" said Mary. "I have some pound-sweets all picked out. We meant this for a surprise, you know, Tom, but never mind! It's really better fun for us all to know."

"Lots!" said Tom. "I forgot, though, about the surprise part. And then—it'll be full moon—we'll go out Jack-o'-lanterning, and that'll be the very richest fun of all; and then mammy says we can roast chestnuts, and father has the bonfire all ready, and we'll have a celebration. A Quicksilver Celebration, eh, Sue?"

"Oh, Tom!" said Sue. "Not Quicksilver any more; just stupid, stupid, grubby Lead—and rusty, too!"

"Lead does n't rust," said Teddy, slowly and gravely.

"This lead does! And—I've got something to read to you all. It is part of my

penance, Mary. Yes, I will! It is n't all true, but part of it is."

She drew a letter from her pocket (it was written on pink paper, scented with strong scent), and began to read:

"Miss Clarice Stephanotis Packard presents her compliments to Miss Susan Penrose, and tells her that I am going home to-morrow with my papa, and I never shall come to this mean place any more. It is all my fault for associating with my soshal inpheriars, and if you had n't have poked your nose into my affairs, Miss Penrose, and put your old candy in my pew, I should not have been robbed and most murderd. The girl here says I could have the law of you to get back the money my mouse-ring cost,—"

"What girl is she talking about?" asked Mary, very innocently.

Sue blushed hotly, but bravely answered the question.

"The—the chambermaid," she said. "She—Clarice has made a kind of companion of her, I have heard. She is n't a very nice girl, I'm afraid."

Then, resuming the reading of Clarice's note, Sue went on—

"but papa says he will get me a new one, and I shall see that nobody gets that away from me. You never will see me again, Sue, but you will have those common Harts; I suppose they will be glad enouf to take up with you again."

"So I remain, Miss Penrose,

"Yours truly,

"MISS CLARICE STEPHANOTIS PACKARD."

Sue's eyes remained fixed on the paper; her cheeks glowed with shame and mortification; she could not meet her friends' eyes. There was a moment of dead silence; then came a sound that made her look up hastily, blushing still deeper.

"Why! Why, you are all laughing!" she cried.

"My dear, of course we are laughing!" cried Mary, catching her in her arms. "What should we do but laugh? And we are glad to say we are glad to 'take up with you again,' are n't we, boys?"

"Rather!" said Tom. "Why, Sue, it's been only half living without having our Quicksilver Sue."

"Have you really missed me?" cried poor

Sue. "Oh, Tom! Of course I know Mary has, because I know how wretched I have been, really, all the time, even at first, when I did n't know it. But you, too, and Teddy? Oh, I am so glad—so glad!—you don't know how glad I am. And now there are five of us, are n't there, Lily?"

Lily answered with a warm caress. She knew privately that she was the happiest of the five, but she did not know how to express what she felt.

"Five of us!" echoed Teddy. "I say! we ought to have a name. The Frisky Five! No! that is n't a good one! Somebody else try!"

"The Festive Five!" suggested Tom, after a pause.

But Mary shook her head. "I have it!" she said. "Join hands, all! The Faithful Five! Hurrah for us!"

The five children stood up and held hands, looking at one another with a certain sense of solemnity.

"The Faithful Five!" they repeated. "Hurrah for us!"

And Teddy added: "But we'll make a toast of it to-night with glasses of shrub—lots of shrub!"

"And now we must make the wigs!" said Mary. "We'll do that in the barn chamber, so that we sha'n't mess with the silk."

"And then can't we climb a tree?" said Sue, plaintively. "I have n't climbed a tree for a month, Mary! I will be 'Isabella of Buchan,' if you like, and you can all capture me and put me in the cage up there in the greening apple-tree."

"All right!" "Hurrah!" "Come on!"

The joyous voices died away; and Mrs. Hart took off her glasses and wiped her eyes, but not before a tear had fallen on her work. "Bless them!" she said. "And hurrah for them! This may have been a good thing, after all."

An hour later Sue was bending once more over her journal; but this time Mary's arms were round her, and Mary's eyes were looking over her shoulder as she wrote:

"My troubles are over, and they were all my own fault; but now I am happy, and

nothing but death can part me and Mary. I are all different, and she is perfectly lovely, and have the dearest and best friends in all we understand all about things together, like the whole wide world—" Mary and her mother. And I hope I am



"MISS CLARICE STEPHANOTIS PACKARD PRESENTS HER COMPLIMENTS TO MISS SUSAN PENROSE—"

"Oh, don't, Sue!" said Mary.

"I shall!" said Sue, and wrote on:

"And I have told mama all about everything, and she has forgiven me, and now we

going to be a better girl now all my life; but still the name I shall always love best is that I am Mary's own

'QUICKSILVER SUE.'

THE END.



THE GRASSHOPPER BALL.

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IN THE MOONLIGHT FIELD.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

You have to go down through the mullen patch and then climb the rail fence. If you are a girl you can squeeze through, quite low down, where there is a crooked rail that makes a wide opening. Then, when you get past the briars in the fence-corner, you see a path, but must n't take it. You must cross the path, and there is a little plowed place with some old apple-trees, and along the edge there is milkweed—two kinds, red and pink. That is n't the place, either. You have to go down another hill first, until you come to where you can't see the house, or even the barn; and there is a little pond with the moon in it and two stars.

Of course it's 'most dark by this time, but you're not afraid, because there are some cows there that are lying down chewing their cud and looking as friendly as anything. You go around the pond to the other side, where there are some waxberry-bushes and some grass that grows taller than it does anywhere else. When you get down behind the grass and look through, you can see a nice, smooth place like green plush, all bright and moonlighty. That's it. That's where the grasshoppers dance. You have to sit still, though,—just as still!—and not go to sleep, because if you do they don't dance. I mean you don't see them.

They danced last night, and it's too bad you could n't have been there, for it was a regular ball. There was a big mushroom that had come up on one side of the green place, and that's where they had the musicians. You see, it's just as we have a band-stand—up high so everybody can hear the music and see who's making it. They stood up on top of the mushroom and played, and the dancers were down below on the green plush, all promenading and circling to the left, trying to keep up with the music. I did n't suppose

there ever could be any trouble among them, they all seemed to be having such a good time.

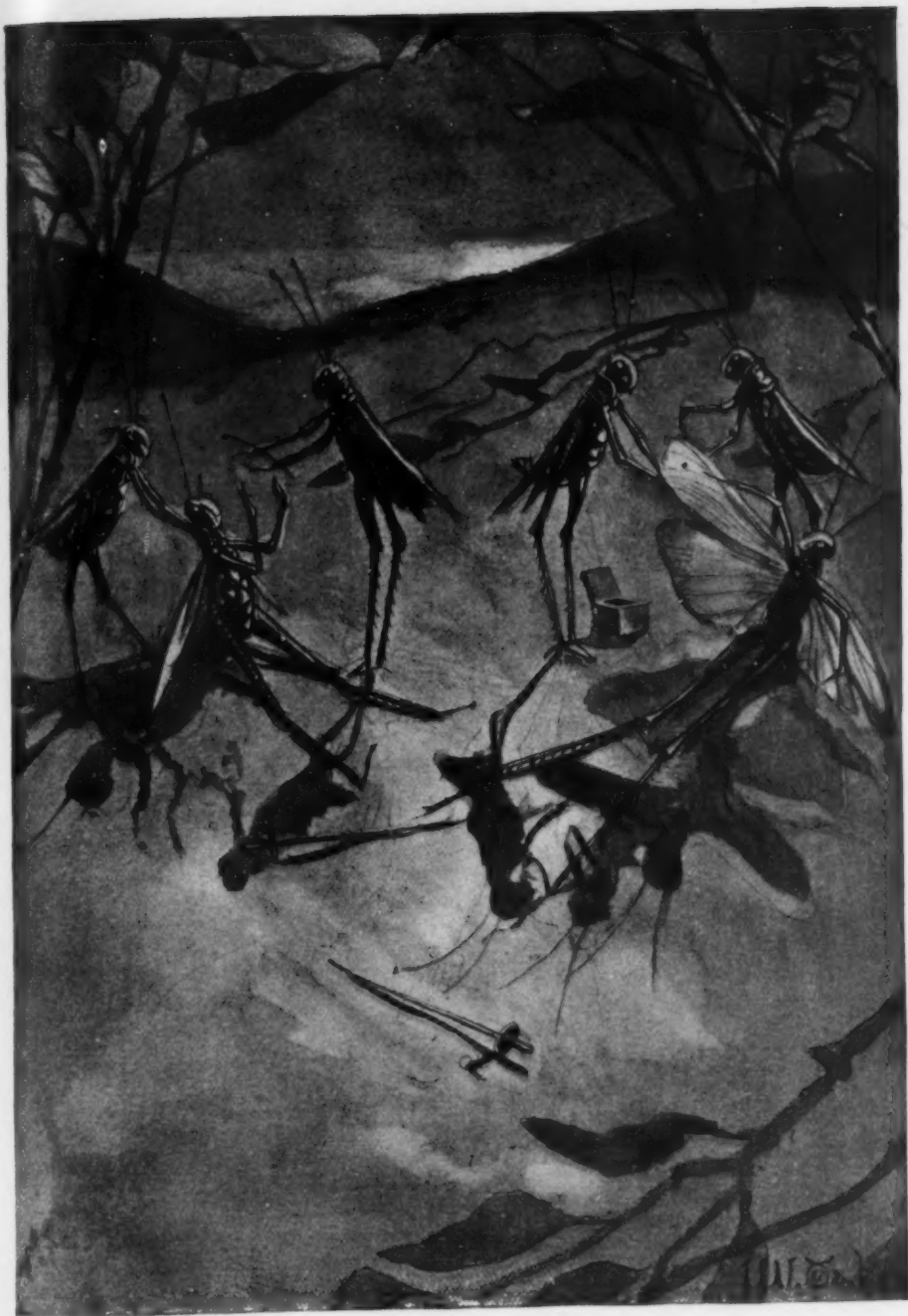
But that's just it: you never can tell when something's going to happen. Of course I did n't know anything about their private affairs,—you could n't expect me to,—but I soon found out a few things, and one was that they were n't all as merry as you might think. There was a great tall fellow with four wings that he wore spread out like a big necktie, and he was dancing with a little Miss Grasshopper that did n't come up much more than to his knee. Then, right in front of them was another couple, both about the same size, and they kept looking around at the tall grasshopper and his little partner, and not paying enough attention to each other to keep step right. Of course pretty soon I saw how it was. I knew that the fellow in front wanted to dance with the little grasshopper behind, and that his partner wanted to be with the tall fellow with the four wings. I thought I'd better go home before there was trouble; but I did n't get away in time, for first thing I knew the ones in front missed step and got in the way of the ones behind, and the tall fellow stumbled over them, and down they all went in a heap.

Of course there was no way to keep from having a fuss then. I thought once I'd interfere, but I happened to remember that it was n't my funeral, as the old saying goes, and would n't be, no matter what happened, so I just kept still and watched.

The short fellow got up first, and said some things, that I forgot as quickly as I could; but they made the tall fellow hopping mad, and he said all the same things too, and some of his own besides. Then the musicians stopped playing, and all the ladies screamed and ran into the waxberry-bushes. Their partners stayed to see the end of it, and pretty



THE DUEL.



THE END OF THE DUEL.



"HELLO!"

soon two or three hurried off, and came back in a minute with two sharp swords, and one fellow carried a little square box with a handle. I knew right away what they were going to do: I knew they were going to fight a duel, and that I ought to interfere. Still, it was n't my affair, so I slipped along after them, when they went over to another green place, and just watched.

I could see right away that they were n't afraid, any of them, and the minute they got to fighting I felt *so* excited, and did n't care. I wanted the big fellow with the wings to win, for I thought he was n't to blame, and I was just about to cheer him when I happened to remember that it might stop everything if I did, so I did n't.

I never saw any *men* fight a duel, but I know they could n't do it any better—or any worse, I mean—than those fellows did. They went at it without wasting a minute, or any breath in talking; and the others stood back on a little hill, where they 'd be out of the way, and looked at them.

I don't know how long they fought—I suppose it was a good while; but I was so excited to see them jumping about and trying to hit each other that I did n't think about the time until, all of a sudden, they made a very fierce rush at each other, and then over they both went, backward!

I came as near as could be saying something then, but still did n't, and even if I had they would n't have heard it, for the others all came running up, making a lot of noise, and fanning the duelists, and asking if they were much hurt and where.

Neither one of them could tell just where it was, but both said they were surely dying, and they forgave each other, and sent some last words to their partners in the waxberry-bushes.

Then the doctor felt and looked all over them, while they kept on sending more last words, until, all at once, the doctor commenced to laugh, and told them to get up and shake

hands before they went back to the dance. They looked sad at first when he said that, for they thought he was making fun, and not giving them a chance to die becomingly; but all at once they did jump up, and commenced to laugh too, for they were n't wounded at all, only just stunned a little when they ran against each other.

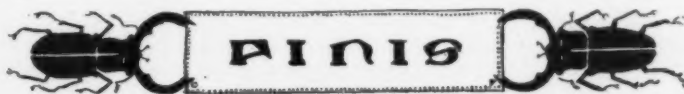
Then everybody shook hands all around, and they went back on a run to the green-plush moonlighty place, and called their partners out of the waxberry-bushes.

Up jumped the musicians too, and in a minute everybody was dancing again and promenading and *do-si-do-ing* as if nothing had happened at all.

The two duelists were such good friends by this time that they changed partners for every set, and the musicians played faster and faster and faster, and the dancers danced harder and harder and harder, while I got so excited that I got my face up closer and closer and closer, until, all at once, just before sunrise, I happened to see right across the green place, and behind the mushroom, another great big face, with two bright eyes and two very long ears. And then I *did* forget myself, and said right out loud, "Hello!" just as if I were talking through a telephone; for it was Mr. Jack Rabbit, and he was watching the grasshopper ball, too.

Well, that settled it, for when the grasshoppers saw us there was a whisk and a whirl and a scamper into the waxberry-bushes, and a second later Mr. Jack Rabbit suddenly recollected some business he had over in the next field, and before I could say "Good morning!" I was sitting there alone by the little pond, and the sun was coming over the hill where the barn is, just as if there 'd never been any night, or moonlight, or grasshopper ball, or duel, or anything.

But there was, for I was there; and if you will go down through the mullen weeds, and climb the fence, and do everything just as I tell you, you can be there next time, too.





"YOU LAZY, LAZY, PUSSY-CATS!"

A WARNING TO THE LAZY.

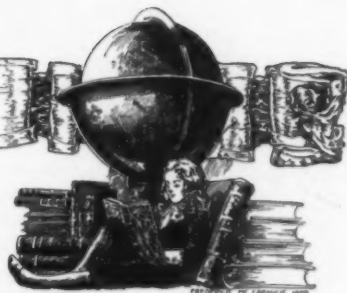
BY CHRISTOPHER VALENTINE.

"You lazy, lazy Pussy-cats! Ever since your breakfast
You have n't done a single thing but sit there in the sun!
I've had to learn my letters—four of them this morning:
D and E, and F and G—I know them every one.

"Do you know what will happen? You all will grow up stupid,
Snowflake, Whitey, Puffball!—if you go on this way!
You won't be anything but cats, who cannot read a letter;
And when I take to writing books, you won't know what they say!"



BOOKS AND READING.



WE hope to prepare the list of one hundred books for a Young Folks' Library in time to print it in the October number. We have received several interesting letters on the subject already, and we would gladly welcome advice from ST. NICHOLAS readers everywhere.

NOTING, in the April number of ST. NICHOLAS, the advice of a most sensible reader concerning the habit of acquainting one's self with the life-history of authors whose books prove attractive, there is a word to be said about the way of obtaining this information. Biographical dictionaries are, without doubt, excellent; but the surest way to reach an author is to read his journal and his letters to his intimate friends. This method, besides proving interesting, accomplishes a threefold purpose: it portrays an author's character, it sketches the men and women with whom he associated, and it gives a glimpse of his time, most valuable indeed. Once it was not considered quite the proper thing to publish one's private papers. Even Charles Dickens was prejudiced on this point, and he explained his reasons in a letter to Macready, the actor:

Daily seeing improper uses made of confidential letters, in the addressing of them to a public audience, that has no business with them, I made, not long ago, a great fire in my field at Gad's Hill, and burnt every letter I possessed. And now, I destroy every letter I receive, not on absolute business, and my mind is, so far, at ease.

It is a good thing for eager readers that Dickens's friends did not share this opinion, else the world would never have known the sweeter and lighter side of his character; but we cannot help regretting the bonfire he made at Gad's Hill, for his friends were well-known people, and their letters would have been worth preserving. But nowadays there is an art in preparing such life-histories, and the result is the most delightful reading. Take,

for instance, Tennyson's "Memoirs," edited by his son; from cover to cover they are entrancing, and bring you so near to the poet that even his old cloak and slouch-hat have lost their terrors.

Here at home we have a wealth of these valuable works. Our New England authors specially have been shown to us most lovingly in this form,—James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Henry W. Longfellow, and others,—taking us into the heart of Boston, and to Harvard College, and introducing us to the most famous men and women of that period in their natural, every-day intercourse with one another. In such a way it is a positive delight to form the acquaintance of authors whose books attract us.

TALKING of journals, a little of that kind of thing is excellent practice and good fun if one goes about it in the right way, with some idea of order and neatness, and some idea of putting down words in proper, intelligible form, which is good writing. To state that on Monday it was fair, on Tuesday it rained, on Wednesday it rained harder, on Thursday turkey for dinner, on Friday we had company to tea, is not to keep a journal worthy of the name; but an honest record of real events is always interesting. There is a wise old saying,

Take the sun-dial's motto for thine:
Mark only the hours that shine—

the hours that are really worth recording.

I once knew a boy who wrote his journal for posterity, that is, for his descendants, having first made up his mind that he would be famous; but when he became wiser and saw

how little he really knew, he feared the criticism of the coming generations, and so his journal to-day is of a different nature; it is an excellent record of events that have helped to shape his life.

Never write with an idea of pleasing those who may see what you jot down; but simply and clearly tell the events as they come, and in after years others may be interested in looking back upon them, especially if the writer has made some impression on the world.

COLUMBUS, OHIO.

ST. NICHOLAS BOOK DEPARTMENT: To all ST. NICHOLAS boys (and perchance the girls) who are lovers of outdoor life, who handle or admire a gun, and to whom real adventure is a pleasure, I should like to commend the books of Theodore Roosevelt. I have noticed among your lists of favorites only the "Hero Tales of American History" as told by Governor Roosevelt and Senator Lodge. If only for entertainment, I am sure that all the readers of these must hold them high in their estimation. Besides "The Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" and "The Wilderness Hunter," any active youngster is certain to take joy in the reading of "The Naval War of 1812," the "Life of Thomas Benton," and the four volumes of "The Winning of the West." Skip over the statistics, and the political or other controversy, and you will find fascinating stories. Some years ago, when our family of boys were shooting our first rabbits and grouse, we wore into tatters the ST. NICHOLAS numbers containing Maurice Thompson's "Marvin and his Boy Hunters." The same fate soon after met the "Century Magazines" in which appeared Roosevelt's "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail" series, afterward published in book form. Our acquaintance thus begun with so true and attractive an author has ever since been a happy one. He writes of life that he knows, largely of life he has lived, and every page will quicken your pulse and raise your admiration of the man who is to-day a moving part of his country's history.

Sincerely yours,

GANSEY R. JOHNSTON.

HERE is a letter received some little time ago. The book-list competition prevented its publication until now.

HARTFORD, VERMONT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A certain family I know has the habit of reading aloud at table and for an hour after supper. They are three grown people and two children six and eight years old. Here are the books they have thus heard read in a year, from March, 1898, to March, 1899: "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," "Black Arrow," Church's "Stories from English History," Dickens's "Christmas Carol," "Bracebridge Hall," "Ivanhoe," "The Talisman," the "Century's" war articles, some poetry, and a great deal of miscellaneous reading in the "Century," the "Outlook," and ST. NICHOLAS.

This is besides the private reading to the children, which includes two perusals of "Swiss Family Robinson," and other things too numerous to mention.

I am one of ST. NICHOLAS's long-time admirers.

Very truly,

KATE M. CONE.

THIS extract from an article by Lizzie T. Hussey, in the "Teachers' Institute" may contain a suggestion for our readers.

The year I was a junior in college some of us girls who boarded at Ossian Hall formed a society known as "The Ladies of the Round Table." Like those knights of the famous King Arthur, we, too, had a worthy aim in our sisterhood. There were some twenty of us who sat at a large round table in the center of the dining-room, while the other girls occupied smaller tables at the sides. They laughed at us when we boldly stated that the object of this new society was the suppression of all slang and incorrect English among our number. She who offended the now fastidious ears of the members of the "Round Table" was obliged to wear a bright-green rosette of ribbon pinned conspicuously on her dress until such time as she could detect another victim upon whom to inflict this badge of ignominy.

ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT.

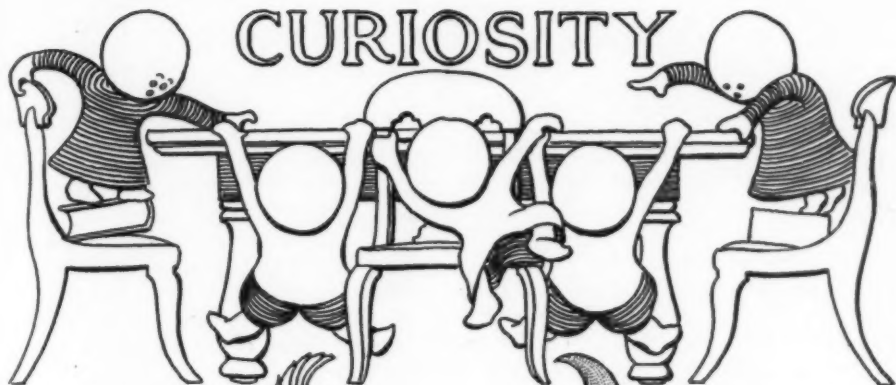
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sixteen, and I send you a list of twelve English books I prefer of those I have read these last two years. I began to learn English when I was thirteen. I am Greek.

1. Longfellow. Especially, The Courtship of Miles Standish, Hiawatha, The Divine Tragedy, Evangeline, and many short poems.
2. Sherlock Holmes, Conan Doyle.
3. The Jungle Books, Rudyard Kipling.
4. Sesame and Lilies, Ruskin.
5. For Faith and Freedom.
6. An Egyptian Princess, G. Ebers.
7. The Vintage (a tale of the Greek independence), Benson.
8. She, Rider Haggard.
9. Westward Ho! C. Kingsley.
10. Twice-told Tales (especially The Minister's Black Veil), Hawthorne.
11. Uncle Tom's Cabin, H. B. Stowe.
12. Melbourne House, Susan Warner.

Sincerely yours,

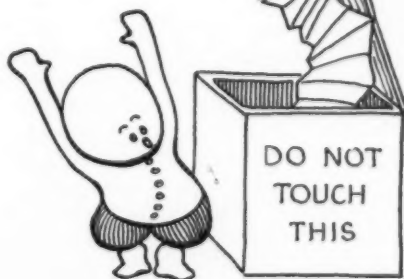
JENNY CASULLI.

CURIOSITY



BY GELETT BURGESS.

I THINK that it would help you much
If you 'd remember not to touch!
For there are many stupid folks
Who do not fancy children's jokes.
They think that children should
n't touch
What is n't theirs. Beware of
such!



CURRENT EVENTS AND TOPICS.

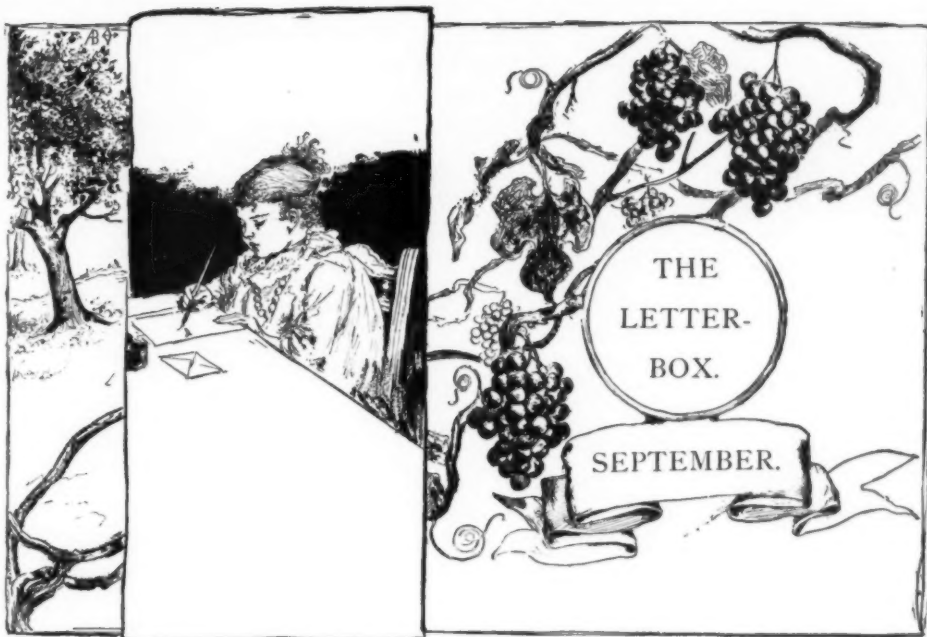
UNCLE SAM'S DOMAIN. THE territory of the United States, including the Philippine Islands, reaches half-way around the globe. It contains land in every climate, from arctic Alaska to the tropical Philippines. It is inhabited by every race—the Red Men (our Indians), the Yellow Men (the Chinese), the Brown Men (the Malays in the Philippines), the Black Men (the Negroes), and, of course, the White Men. Of the latter every nation in the world has representatives in our country. New York City is said to have a larger number of Germans than any city in Germany except Berlin, a larger number of Irish than any city in Ireland except Dublin, and probably contains enough Italians to outnumber many of the lesser Italian cities. Yet, with all this mixture, the United States now stands as a firmer and more united country than in the days of old, when George Washington's soldiers were almost at war with Congress, and when many of them wished to crown him king.

THE OLDEST CITY IN THE UNITED STATES. We were taught in our geographies that either St. Augustine or Santa Fé was the oldest city in our country. This was true up to the present year, but the adding of Porto Rico to our domain brings with it the old Spanish town of Caparra, founded in 1509. As St. Augustine was settled in 1565, Caparra is fifty-six years older. Dr. Harrington of the San Juan weather office, who discovered the exact site of the old city, says: "Without doubt, the ruins I found are those of the first settlement established by the explorer and colonizer, Ponce de Leon. . . . Both local tradition and history name Caparra as the earliest town on the island. . . . The only remains of the original town now visible are the ruins of a church, hospital, and a repaired limestone furnace. . . . A historical landmark near by is the reputed gold-mine worked by the first Spanish settlers."

Let us hope that the United States will take the necessary steps to preserve what is left of this venerable town.

ROOM FOR ALL. From time to time articles saying that the world is overcrowded go the rounds of the press. While at some future date there may be reason to fear that the earth will not produce enough for its children, that time is far off. As for the land ever actually being crowded with people, a little calculation will soon do away with that idea. Small reliance can be placed on any estimate of the population of the world, but the one which is the least likely to contain grave errors is that made by Behm and Wagner in 1882. They put the number at 1,434,000,000 souls. Now, if for some reason all those people should gather at one place, and we allow four square feet of standing-room to each person, they would occupy just 215 square miles. The State of Texas, which has an area of 265,000 square miles, would have room for over twelve hundred such crowds. If the people chose to settle there, the "Lone Star State" would furnish them with about one tenth of an acre of land apiece—man, woman, and child. It would seem as if they might almost make a living on that, without drawing on the rest of the United States, to say nothing of the whole world.

A VIRTUE OF DUST. Men of science say that if there were no dust in the atmosphere it would be impossible for clouds to form, and hence we should have no rain, but only heavy dews. Every one has noticed that drops of moisture form on the outside of a pitcher of ice-water in warm weather. That moisture is condensed from the air by the cold sides of the pitcher. The particles of dust act in the same way. On their sides the water-vapor forms in tiny drops, which unite with other drops, and finally fall as rain or snow, bringing the dust down with them as they fall. This is the reason that rain clears the air. When a thaw comes in the winter, the banks of clean white snow take on a dirty appearance, which happens even when the whole earth is so soaked with moisture that no dust could be blown from it. The dirt is that which the snow brought with it, and in melting the snow has left the dirt behind.



TARRYTOWN, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have taken you for two years, but have not written to you before. I am at a boarding-school here in Tarrytown. I shall go home for the summer, and expect to have a fine time. I will tell you about my pets. My father has the New Rochelle kennels. He has about forty dogs, and I have one. We have black-and-taus mostly, and I like dogs very much. But papa has a dog I like better than my own, and that likes me better than my own. His name is "Nig," and he cries for a week after I go back to school. I have a cow and a cat and two bantams, and had a horse—a horse with a history I must tell you. His name is "Teddy"; he is named after Roosevelt because he was in the war. He is a bronco, and has a scar on his back that I think he got in the war. But he ran away with mama, and so we sold him. He was the color-bearer's horse of the Rough Riders. I will close now.

Your interested reader,

ELROY B. FOOTE.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a boy of fifteen years age, and I like you very much. I like the stories "The Sole Survivors" and "The Story of Betty" and "Chuggins." I am a native of Bengal, and a Hindu. This is the first time I am writing to you, because I see no one writing to you from Bengal. I am a cyclist, and I rode a distance of some five thousand miles during last three years.

I go to school. I like mathematics very much. Our greatest festival is called the "Puja." It continues for three days, and on the fourth day the image of the goddess is taken over a river and let fall. There is a temple of a Hindu goddess named Ilali in the vicinity of Calcutta. Many pilgrims come to visit that goddess.

I practise exercising with dumb-bells according to Mr. Sandow's system.

Wishing you long and prosperous life,

I remain your loving reader,
KHAGENDRA NATH MAJUMDAR.

CALCUTTA, INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I want to write a letter to you, as I have never seen one from Calcutta. I am a native of Bengal, and was born in Calcutta. We go to country-places during holidays. Madhupur, a healthy place about one hundred and eighty miles from Calcutta, is our favorite resort. The city stands on the left bank of the Hughli, and there is a bridge of boats for crossing it. Crossing the bridge, we come to Howrah, the station from which men start for Bombay by the East Indian Railway. The Bombay Mail travels at the rate of forty-five miles an hour, and has the greatest speed. There is no railway station in the city. North of Fort William is an extensive field. The part on the river-side is a favorite place for evening walk. I am eighteen years old, and have just finished my college course.

Yours faithfully,

S. MAJUMDAR.

CALMAR, IOWA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We thought some of your readers might be interested in hearing about the Ice Cave near Decorah, Iowa.

The cave is situated among the bluffs on the east side of the Oneota or Upper Iowa River.

Its large natural stone entrance is very open, and so is affected by the weather outside. This leads into a dark passage branching off into other passages, some of which are too small to enter, and all of which are lined throughout with a coating of ice in the summer. At

different places this passage opens into large caverns, also thickly coated with ice at different times of the year.

Gradually the passage gets smaller and smaller until it is impossible to go any farther.

This cave is said by some authorities to be the only ice cave in the United States, while others claim there is one in Arizona, but one which is much smaller.

The ice is formed in the spring and summer from the water that comes down through the crevices from the hills above, and is frozen by the rock, that has retained its coldness from the winter before. In the fall of the year the ice melts, as the rock loses its coldness.

It is said that before the white people came, the Winnebago Indians used it as a place to store their meat.

We are two girls, thirteen and fifteen years old.

Wishing you prosperity, we remain,

Your interested readers,

GLADYS KAYE AND KATHARINE ROOME.

PARIS, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I write to you I feel as if you were an old friend, for you have been my companion for many years. I enjoy you more than ever now, for since I came to Paris you are the only English book I read, and it is a great pleasure to know what girls and boys of my age are doing at home.

I attend a French school, and at times get very tired of the French children, and long for some one who can talk and praise Uncle Sam instead of France. School closes here on August 1 and opens October 3. I am going to spend my vacation in northern Germany and Holland.

The buildings for the Exposition are progressing rapidly, and although artistic in appearance are fragile in construction. My favorite is that of "Vieux Paris," which is built far over the banks of the Seine.

I inclose you a piece of poetry which my mother thinks is good enough to be published; but as mothers are generally prejudiced I can hardly dare to hope you will find room for the attempt of a thirteen-year girl.

Yours faithfully,

L. MAC C—.

CASTLES ON THE SAND.

LITTLE children as they play
Through the pleasant summer's day,
Building castles on the sand,
Never think of breaking and
Destruction of their castles tall—
Never think that they can fall.

But the breakers of the tide
Onward creep from the ocean wide,
Sweep away the castles tall,
Leaving a mound of sand—that's all;
And the children look at the mound,
Then go higher, where the rocks are sound.

The treacherous tide cannot reach them there
As they build their castles, real and of air;
And little they know, as they build and play
On the ocean beach on a summer's day,
They playfully copy again and again
The ups and downfalls of many men.

L. MAC C—.

MOUNT VERNON, OHIO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: For six years you have been a welcome visitor in our house. Before I was able to

read, sisters would read to me. I am a boy eight years old. For the last two years I can read myself.

I love to read the stories of our army and navy. When I was at the World's Fair I saw the "Indiana"; that is the only battle-ship I ever saw, for I live far from the ocean.

At that time, when passing through the Chinese exhibit, a Chinese suddenly took me up in his arms and gave me a kiss. I was frightfully scared; I never saw such dressed up people in my life—I did not know if it was a man or woman. He then gave me a Chinese idol for a present. I was only three years old at that time.

I like to read the letters from China, Egypt, and Japan, and all foreign countries. I live in Mount Vernon, Ohio. It is only a small town of eight thousand people. Of course I love it the best, but I believe when I am a big man I will live in New York.

Yours truly,

MILES A. STADLER.

Florence Foster sends some answers to puzzles, and a pleasant letter with them.

Nellie Bosworth lives on a farm containing 96 acres, and her pony's name is "Prince Charles."

Margaret Burnham sends a long letter telling anecdotes about her father's horses.

Helen S. Benner's letter is neatly written and well expressed, but might not interest other children.

Katrine Collins, Natalie Swift, Elisabeth Swift, and Marian Swift write a brief note, but we cannot make room for it. We must choose what will most interest our readers.

Louise F. Arnold asks to have her letter published in the August number, and it is hardly in time for this number, September. It is a pleasant little note, but some others have a stronger claim, and crowd it out.

Mary Beth Atkinson tells two interesting items. She says that when in Alaska, an Indian woman tried to trade a baby for "things"; and she says also that her family owns a dog that will carry a kitten out of the house when told to do so.

G. G. Fisher, a little New-Yorker, writes a vacation note from Echo Mountain, California, 5000 feet above sea-level.

Marian Lyall tells of a phebe-bird that comes to a canary's cage and "talks" to the canary.

Jane Herbs Rider writes from Durango, Colorado.

Marian Chase's letter thanks ST. NICHOLAS for its stories; she owned a dog that was fond of chewing-gum, and Marian's mother gave the dog away—perhaps because the dog would not learn better.

Ida Williams wishes her little sister Ruth to see the letter she sends, but we cannot do more than print this brief note about it.

Roberta T. is fourteen, and her brother has taken ST. NICHOLAS for many years. She likes the serial stories.

June Deming sends a letter that is very creditable for a child of her age. It is well written, well punctuated, and correctly spelled.

Dorothy and Ethel P. and Mary K. sign a letter in which they tell of a dog that was carrying a kitten, and when another dog tried to hurt the kitten, the first dog put down the kitten, drove away the second dog, and then picked up the kitten again.

In conclusion we thank all our little friends for their clever letters, which it is a great pleasure to read. Please do not forget that a letter cannot be printed for at least two months after it is received.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Resay. 2. Elate. 3. Samoa. 4. Atoma. 5. Yeast. II. 1. Heart. 2. Enter. 3. Atone. 4. Renta. 5. Tress.

CONNECTED DIAMONDS. I. 1. X. 2. Baa. 3. Bunch. 4. Xanthic. 5. Aches. 6. His. 7. C. II. 1. C. 2. Fat. 3. Fares. 4. Carapax. 5. Tepid. 6. Sad. 7. X. III. 1. C. 2. Rod. 3. Roman. 4. Complex. 5. Dally. 6. Ney. 7. X. IV. 1. X. 2. Sit. 3. Supra. 4. Xiphoid. 5. Troll. 6. Ail. 7. D.

CONCEALED NAMES. 1. Alice. 2. Grace. 3. Ida. 4. Isabel. 5. Edith. 6. Winifred. 7. Helen. 8. Ethel. 9. Martha. 10. Frances. 11. Edna. 12. Beatrice. 13. Anna. 14. Mabel. 15. Ella. 16. Agnes. 17. Caroline. 18. Stella. 19. Belinda. 20. Amelia.

OMITTED WORD. Bay.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Helen C. McCleary—Louise Ingham Adams—F. R.—Peggy and I—Joe Carlada—Marjorie and Caspar—Kathrine Forbes Liddell—Paul Reese—Jack and George A.—"Dondy Small"—"Sisters Twain"—Sigourney Jay Nininger—"Allil and Adi."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from "Reddy and Heady," 1—Eleanor Dashiell, 2—Mabel Miller Johns, 9—Helen W. Johns, 2—Courtland Kelsey, 8—Angus M. Berry, 1—Julia and Marion Thomas, 9—No name, Hackensack, 8—Franklin Ely Rogers and "Ria," 7—Mabel M. Carey and E. Georgia Curtis, 8—E. P. Guerard, Jr., 3.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A SHADY path. 2. Surface. 3. Tidy. 4. Corrodes. S. STRINGER.

HEADS AND TAILS.

WHEN the right word is guessed, and the first and last letters are transposed, a new word will be formed. Example: Transpose muscle, and make certain beverages. Answer, s-in-e-w, wines.

1. Transpose a mechanical force, and make a noisy feast.
2. Transpose to drive back, and make a person afflicted with a terrible disease.
3. Transpose a word of inquiry, and make to melt.
4. Transpose a small body of water, and make a noose.
5. Transpose a metal, and make to trade.
6. Transpose a yoke of oxen, and make a common food.
7. Transpose in this manner, and make to close.

H. W. E.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

THE summer's gone; September's here;
What friends are these approaching near?

CROSS-WORDS.

1. To write a rhyme that's picturesque, Just put some commas on your desk.
2. And then place dashes round about, But pray don't leave your brackets out.
3. Take few quotation-marks, if any; It bothers one to see too many.

ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL. Field. 1. Flute. 2. Bison. 3. Wheel. 4. Eagle. 5. Sword.

LETTER PUZZLE. "The Century Magazine."

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS. 1. No-r-ah. 2. Th-r-ee. 3. Ta-b-le. 4. Ho-r-se. 5. Sp-e-ar. 6. Go-i-ng. 7. Wh-e-at. 8. Mo-u-th. 9. W-i-n-gs.

DOUBLE ZIGZAG. From 1 to 2, South Carolina; 3 to 4, Palmetto State. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Slopsop. 2. Domitan. 3. Grumbler. 4. Biltmore. 5. Adherent. 6. Acerbity. 7. Affluent. 8. Trillion. 9. Provino. 10. Exultant. 11. Alienate. 12. Intimate. 13. Abdicate.

CONCEALED CENTRAL ACROSTIC. Vacation. **CROSS-WORDS:** 1. Raver. 2. Hears. 3. Facet. 4. Learn. 5. Lathe. 6. Noise. 7. Alone. 8. Manor.

4. Add, if you wish, one colon too,
Though threescore periods will do.
5. Now stir them thoroughly, and mix
With ornamental pudding-sticks.
6. Whatever nonsense makes you laugh,
Not all you know—perhaps one half.
7. And if it does not straightway rhyme,
Add letters—dozens at a time.
8. It may be worse, it may be better,
For adding when you wish a letter.
9. Take May or June to write your rhyme;
December is a deadly time.
10. You'll find the spring with verse will teem,
And words will rush a steady stream.

ANNA M. PRATT.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-three letters, and form a couplet by an English poet.

My 19-40 is a pronoun. My 33-61-25 is a bond. My 31-13-4 is to discern. My 54-36-52-8 is for one time. My 44-42-49-37 is a common word. My 39-6-10-56 is to keep one's self out of view. My 30-57-2-60-27 is the point of an epigram or other sarcastic saying. My 62-17-15-3-63 is a name for a Welshman. My 41-47-38-58-46-22-11-23 is the name of a famous battle. My 5-29-51-48 21 20-9-7-45-32 is a name by which Scotland is sometimes called. My 55-28-14-24-35-12-53-1 and 16-43-59-34-18-26-50 each name a Shaksperian character.

J. B. C.

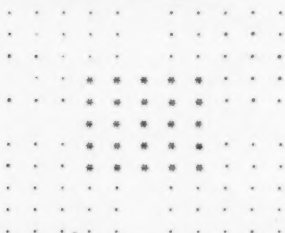


ILLUSTRATED CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

IN pictures 1, 2, 3, and 4, find certain objects which may be described by an odd number of letters. When these four words have been rightly guessed and written one below another, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell an object in the fifth picture.

F. H. W.

CONNECTED SQUARES.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To cleave. 2. Previous. 3. A feminine name. 4. A Greek writer. 5. An appointed place of meeting.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The common American black snake. 2. To make reparation. 3. A mark of punctuation. 4. To clear of knots. 5. To restore to freshness.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A tree. 2. To gaze earnestly. 3. A tropical tree. 4. To expunge. 5. The post at the foot of a staircase.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A bet. 2. Solitary. 3. Commodities. 4. To invest. 5. To furnish with a new border.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Chairs. 2. Part of the body. 3. To subside. 4. Not divided. 5. To increase in volume or force. MEUM ET TUUM.

CHARADE.

My first, an early navigator, known
To have a crew of family connections;
Also, a cargo beastly, I must own,
And his descendants all have dark complexions.

My second, a word that signifies untrue,
Sometimes a comic sort of imitation;
So, too, is called a jeer or fling at you,
Or any sneering sort of allegation.

My whole hangs from my neighbor's fruit-trees old;
One decks the corner of my sick friend's chamber;
While mine sways in the sun or moonlight clear,
On the piazza where the thick vines clamber.

L. E. JOHNSON.

DOUBLE BEHEADINGS.

WHEN the following words have been rightly guessed, each word may be beheaded twice and a word will remain. (Example, b-r-us-her.) The twenty-four beheaded words will form a four-line stanza.

1. Doubly behead thin; 2, restless; 3, an old woman; 4, mild; 5, to elucidate; 6, a blood-vessel; 7, discernment; 8, a preposition; 9, diminutive; 10, shortly; 11, determining; 12, relaxed; 13, to be changed into; 14, to bear witness; 15, a turner's machine; 16, to assign; 17, to be upon the feet; 18, to like; 19, sport of any kind; 20, perpendicular; 21, to mark by burning; 22, a small gulf or channel; 23, to recompense; 24, unfit.

ADDIE S. COLLOM.



A MOMENT OF REST.

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